Saturday Review

AUGUST 29, 1953 / 20¢

Ludwig Bemelmans, author of "Father, Dear Father." *(See page 13)*

RADIO, TV AND THE COMMON MAN

By Gilbert Seldes

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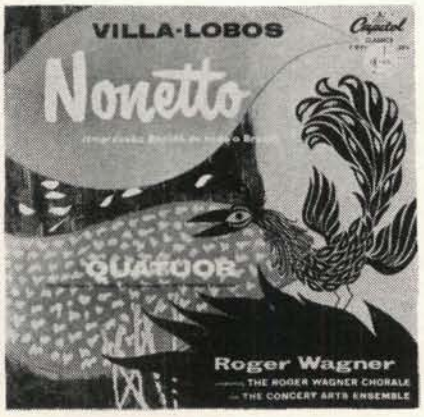

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SCHUMANN: CONCERTO IN A MINOR, OPUS 129
BRUCH: KOL NIDREI, OPUS 47
JOHANN CHRISTIAN BACH: CONCERTO IN C MINOR
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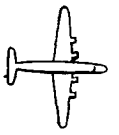

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A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FLIGHT around the globe by Pan American World Airways' giant Clippers*, touching down in many exotic lands, is the Grand Prize that awaits the winner of THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS, in whatever part of the United States or the world he lives.

Europe, the Mediterranean and the Middle East, India and Southeast Asia and Japan and the islands of the Pacific climaxed by Hawaii, will unroll on a magic carpet for the Grand Prize winner as Pan American World Airways flies him and his camera around the world, opening up wonderful new horizons.

There will be twenty-six awards in all for SATURDAY REVIEW readers who have taken unusual pictures, in either color or black-&-white, during vacation or business trips abroad or at home during the past year.

Because of the increasing interest our readers have shown both in travel and photography, THE SATURDAY REVIEW has decided to establish these World Travel Photographic Awards and to feature the winning pictures in its annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear in the January 2, 1954 issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in nearly fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. A page is devoted to each month of the year, and each of these pages will be dominated by one of the award-winning pictures. The Grand Prize winner will be reproduced on the cover of the January 2nd issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography or travel:

Ivan Dimitri—Leading color & magazine photographer
Norris Harkness—President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography
Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome
Horace Sutton—Travel Editor, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, noted travel photographer

Full details of the Grand Prize and of the other 25 valuable awards will be announced in future issues. Read THE SATURDAY REVIEW regularly for additional Award news.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white. Each week, starting in an early issue, the outstanding photographs of the week will be published in THE SATURDAY REVIEW along with the latest news of the Awards.

Deadline for entries is November 1, 1953. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

The Saturday Review
25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

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Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, Pan American World Airways, and members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been made after July 1, 1952, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes. They may be taken with any kind of camera on any kind of film.

3. Black and white photographs must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10. On the back of the photograph must appear the name and address of the photographer, the photographic data on the making of the picture, including the date and place it was shot. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching is permitted on prints or the negatives from which they are made. No composite pictures, such as multiple printing or montages, are eligible. No black and white pictures from color transparencies will be accepted. Pictures should not be mounted or framed. No prints will be returned. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

4. Original color transparencies must be submitted. Those in glass mounts should be carefully wrapped to avoid breakage. Those in cardboard mounts, or unmounted, should be enclosed in glassine or acetate envelopes to prevent scratching or other possible damage, and further protected by a cardboard backing. Color transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Duplicate transparencies will be made for color prize winner.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies.

6. To enter the contest, mail as many prints or color transparencies as you desire to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS. All pictures must be postmarked not later than November 1, 1953, to be eligible for judging.

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black and white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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Westward the Sun

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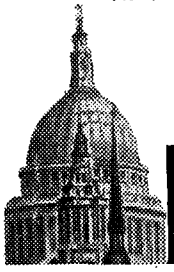

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2nd LARGE PRINTING

The Saturday Review

AUGUST 29, 1953

Cover Drawing by Sam Norkin

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SR's Library Poll

EACH week *SR* lists the twenty books most in demand at representative public libraries around the country in an attempt to chart the trends of America's various reading tastes.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (N-F)
2. **Désirée** by Annemarie Selinko (F)
3. **The Dark Angel** by Mika Waltari (F)
4. **Battle Cry** by Leon Uris (F)
5. **Annapurna** by Maurice Herzog (N-F)
6. **The Silver Chalice** by Thomas B. Costain (F)
7. **A Man Called Peter** by Catherine Marshall (N-F)
8. **The Caine Mutiny** by Herman Wouk (F)
9. **The Second Sex** by Simone de Beauvoir (N-F)
10. **The Silent World** by J.-Y. Cousteau (N-F)
11. **Kiss Me Again, Stranger** by Daphne du Maurier (F)
12. **A House Is Not a Home** by Polly Adler (N-F)
13. **East of Eden** by John Steinbeck (F)
14. **Steamboat Gothic** by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
15. **The Emperor's Lady** by F. W. Kenyon (F)
16. **The Sea Around Us** by Rachel Carson (N-F)
17. **A Window on Red Square** by Frank Rounds (N-F)
18. **Zorba the Greek** by Nikos Kazantakes (F)
19. **The Rommel Papers** ed. by B. H. Liddell-Hart (N-F)
20. **People, Places and Books** by Gilbert Highet (N-F)

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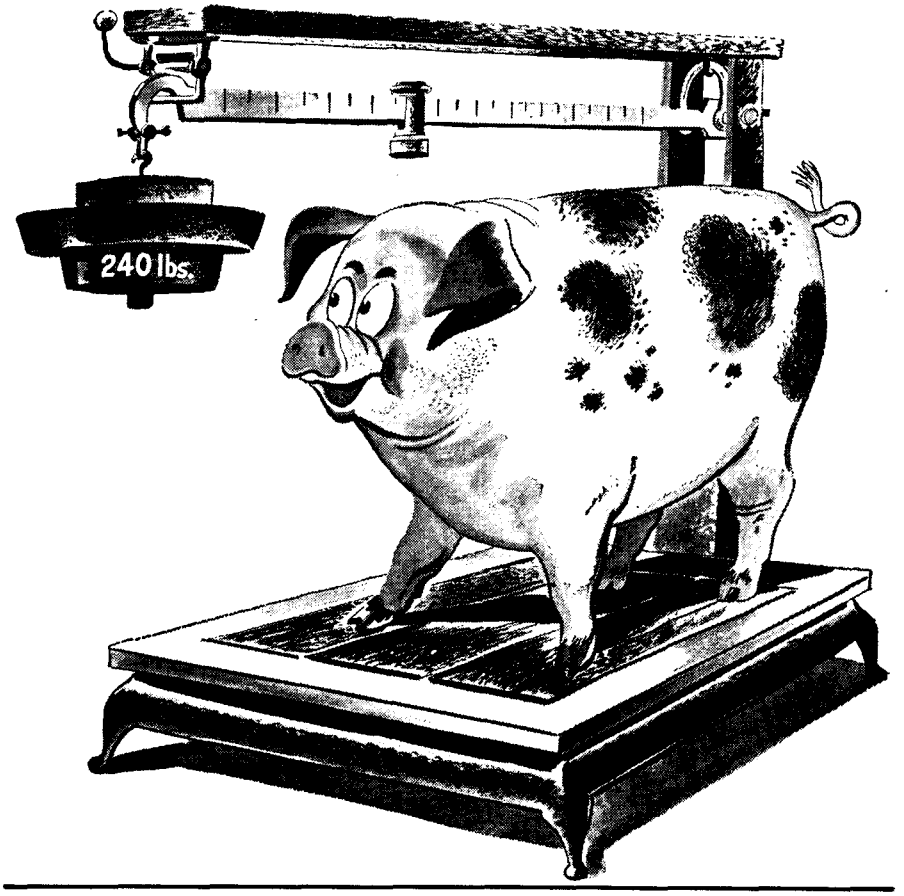
How many pounds are pork chops?



☐ 50 lbs... ☐ 25 lbs... ☐ 10 lbs...

As you see them at your meat store, pork chops are simply a choice cut of meat with a neat little handle of bone.

But as the meat packer buys them, pork chops are part of a "package" that includes many less popular cuts as well as a lot of weight that isn't "eatin' meat".

A porker that weighs-in at the meat packing plant at 240 lbs., shows up at your retail market as 115 lbs. of fresh and smoked pork products and 35 lbs. of lard. Only 150 lbs. altogether. And only 10 lbs. of this are center-cut pork chops.

That's why you usually pay more for pork chops than for most other cuts of pork. For the price of each cut of meat (like the price of just about everything else!) is determined largely by how much there is and how much people like it.

Economists call this the law of supply and demand. Women call it "shopping". They compare, pick, choose. In a free market, their choice of the available supplies sets the values—whether it's in pork or peaches; beef or bananas.

Did you know . . . pigs come into a packing plant in "one piece" . . . they leave in as many as 80 different pork products . . . that when you speak of the "meat packing industry" you mean *4,000 different companies* . . . that through competition, efficient modern methods and full utilization of by-products, your meat is marketed at a *lower service cost* between farm and table than almost any other food?

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As considerable time is required to process a change of address, you are urged to advise the SATURDAY REVIEW Subscription Department as soon as you know your new address, preferably four weeks in advance.

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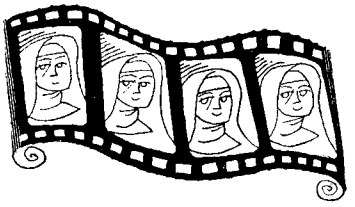
New York 36, N. Y.

TRADE Winds

"NUNS IN CELLULOID" was a phrase that caught my eye, buried though it was in the middle of a publisher's release. It induced me to go back to the top of the page and find out about "Shepherd's Tartan," by Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, a Dominican nun who for the past year has been teaching at the



School of St. Peter Martyr in Pittsburg, California, north of San Francisco. It said that Sister Mary, author of many children's books such as "A Crown for Joanna," "Mary My Mother," "An Army in Battle Array," wrote this one (for adults) because she felt that "since most people have not been nuns . . ." too many seem to regard nuns as "misplaced medievalists who trot along in pairs . . . pious monkey wrenches in Mammon's machinery (who) bring out the nobility of bus-drivers, the confidences of policemen, the piety of alcoholics."

By this time I was thoroughly hooked, and not only read every word of the release, but made a note to get hold of "Shepherd's Tartan," published on August 12 by Sheed and Ward in a large first printing of 25,000 copies. As to the celluloid, Sister Mary Jean's crisp humor evoked from me a loud unladylike chortle: "Hollywood found that the ignorance most people have about convents makes for good box-office, so they created nuns in celluloid. We are now expected not only to keep our rules and promote the active good works of the Kingdom of God, but also to be as beautiful as movie stars, to be experts at boxing and baseball, to emote in the grand manner at a moment's notice, and to frolic around in jeeps."

In addition to the chortle, this also evoked an unholy curiosity about how these lines might strike our Ambassador in Rome, since it was she and she alone who wrote, at Darryl F. Zanuck's behest, the big box-office hit "Come to the Stable," wherein Loretta Young and Celeste Holm were the frolicking and photogenic nuns.

THE MAIL BOX: From New Orleans, Harnett T. Kane writes about a research discovery he made this summer: needing full and fresh material for two books he is planning on the Confederacy, he found veritable Fort Knoxes not in the USA but in the Bibliotheque National in France and the British Museum and British Foreign Records Office in England. At the moment Mr. Kane is waiting for publication of his "novel about Robert E. Lee, as seen through the eyes of his wife." It is "The Lady of Arlington," due next month from Doubleday. Despite kindly warnings from Lee experts about the impossibility of doing so, the author won "unrestricted access to thousands of Lee letters" and mountains of private family data. "All I did," Mr. Kane says, "was write the family; I got approval at once."

Mr. Robert L. Crowell writes that the firm of Crowell *will* publish a new edition of "The Reader's Encyclopedia" in 1955, and that in the meantime their "Encyclopedia of American Literature" is rapidly nearing the presses.

Rita Reil, of the International Press Alliance Corporation, wrote to say "You *can* copyright a title," and gave some instances of legal doings in Belgium and Germany over names of plays and books. Devoted to the Accurate Statement, I checked back with the Author's League of America and the law firm of Stern and Reubens, whose late partner Arthur E. Farmer was one of the great figures in UNESCO's work on international copy-

right. "You are perfectly right," wrote another partner, Mr. Harry Buchman. "The title of a work is not copyrightable in this country or in Canada and England. Whether it is in other countries is dependent upon the law of the particular country. For example, in Belgium if a title is distinctive it may be the subject of copyright. There is no provision on the subject in the Berne Convention; thus the local law of each nation operates in Berne Convention countries." Mr.

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Buchman enclosed a letter which had appeared in the *Times* last April, in which he had gone into the legalities far more fully. Maybe accuracy-loving TRADE WINDS should have said, "You can't copyright a title unless you live in a couple of Berne Convention countries abroad that have special laws permitting copyright of titles." But would it be TRADE WINDS if it talked like that?

"MOST INTELLECTUALS ABROAD," says James Laughlin, president of the Ford Foundation's new Intercultural Publications, Inc., "can't get our good books and periodicals because they can't get dollars. We wanted to get together an anthology of what is going on intellectually in America, and make it something they could buy in their own languages and with their own currency."

Mr. Laughlin, who is also publisher of New Direction Books, was explaining the quarterly magazine *Perspectives, USA*, whose fourth issue is just off American, British, French, German, and Italian presses, and is on sale at newsstands and bookstores in those countries and in Turkey, India, Sweden, Holland, Israel, and just about every other country in the non-ferrous-curtain world. The French, German, and Italian editions are translated by top people in each of these countries, and the price, which is a fat $1.50 here at home, is drastically reduced abroad to the equivalent of about thirty-five American cents. Specifically, the British pay 2/6, the French 150 francs, the Germans 150 marks, the Italians 200 lire, and the like. Although only three previous issues have appeared, the international demand has already increased print orders in England and Germany, and now the quarterly total of 50,000 breaks down to about 17,000 printed in England, 7,000 in France, 14,000 in Germany, 7,500 in Italy, and 5,000 in the U.S.

To keep the contents of *Perspectives, USA* from becoming the mirror of the pet enthusiasms of any one individual, no matter how gifted, a kind of sliding-editorship was arranged. Thus it was Mr. Laughlin who edited the first issue, Lionel Trilling the second, Jacques Barzun the third, and the entire staff the current one; Malcolm Cowley takes over for the fifth, and Irwin Edman the one after that. A good deal of the contents, sometimes as much as half, is written especially for the magazine, and the rest of the issue contains material reprinted from *The Kenyon Review, Commentary, Partisan Review, Wake,* and any other literary source for essays, fiction, or poetry. *"Perspective,*

Constance Stuart, Black Star

From

Alan Paton

author of

Cry, the Beloved Country

a second magnificent novel of South Africa

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever

. . . A superb and stirring story, conceived in the heart and written down with music. TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE is that rare and splendid thing: a second novel which is the equal of its predecessor . . . Pick up THE PHALAROPE, and instantly you are transported into another world. You fall under the magic of a prose that is without peer of its kind, and find yourself caught up in a profound and moving story that will wring your heart."

— John Barkham, The Saturday Review.

"Stands on a pinnacle all its own

. . . Memorable stories have been written of men's guilt and fear, of the battles their consciences have fought, from *Crime and Punishment* to *The Heart of the Matter*. Among the great stories of this kind, Alan Paton's book can take its place . . . Mr. Paton outleaps the barriers of the particular to reach a universal truth. But this is in no sense to say that TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE—save for its African setting, its poetic almost Biblical rhythm and deep concern for man — echoes the famous *Cry*. For it probes a wholly different problem, illumines wholly different characters."

—Virgilia Peterson, N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.

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Apostles of Discord

A study of organized religious, racial and political bigotry on the fringes of Protestantism by RALPH L. ROY

HERE are the names of individuals and groups, here are their words, here are their records. This carefully documented book discusses the role of the "hate-mongers" in the 1952 Presidential campaign . . . How the New Testament has been used to bolster racism . . . The fight over the Revised Standard Version of the Bible . . . The unfounded charges of RED against patriotic Protestant leaders and against the National Council of Churches . . . The *actual* evidence of communism in organized Protestantism and the alertness of leadership to its dangers.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR says:
"Ralph Roy has performed an important task in his careful analysis . . . a rather sober reminder to us all that the worst corruption is a corrupt religion."

BISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM says:
"An extraordinarily valuable piece of work; will give resource material to ministers and laymen across the nation."

HERBERT A. PHILBRICK says:
"Immensely valuable . . . 'Must' reading for every denomination and in every parish."

WILLIAM B. LIPPHARD, editor emeritus of *Missions* magazine (Baptist) says:
"A really terrifying book . . . terrifying not only because of its contents but because of its fearful timeliness. This ought to be read now before the divisive influence that is so realistically depicted becomes irreparable."

Some of the people and organizations discussed—

Gerald L. K. Smith and the Christian Nationalist Crusade

Carl McIntire and his American Council of Churches

Jack McMichael and the Methodist Federation for Social Action

Gerald B. Winrod

"Bob" Shuler

The Ku Klux Klan

Joseph Kamp

Verne P. Kaub

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and many others.

At all bookstores, 440 pages, $3.75

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USA contains no propaganda or paid advertising, nor will it engage in current political controversy," says the Ford Foundation's leaflet about it, which also explains that the trustees "regard the exchange of ideas, and . . . artistic and literary productions . . . one of the most promising methods of fostering a sense of moral and cultural community among the peoples of the world."

And it is that word "exchange" that has led to a new and exciting phase of this whole project, an intellectual importing, as it were, to balance our exporting. In October the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Edward A. Weeks, is launching a series of special supplements with *Perspectives, USA* which will let Americans look at the art and letters of various countries abroad. The first, "Perspectives of India," to be edited by Harvey Breit of *The New York Times Book Review*, will have not only general articles about India today, and specialized pieces about India's music, dancing, and films, not only half a dozen stories by her leading writers, and an anthology of Indian poetry, but also, in full color, a portfolio of the work of eight contemporary Indian painters. The second supplement, to be edited by Charles Rolo of the *Atlantic*, will deal with the Low Countries, and a third with Japan. Each supplement will be made widely available to school and college classes, literary clubs, and discussion groups all over the USA, and in these parlous international times the whole idea strikes me as bold, imaginative, and just plain wonderful.

A PLAYWRIGHT, radio, and TV writer, John O. Whedon, dropped into a stationery store in New York's East Eighties the other day, and asked for "a ream of inexpensive typewriter paper." The proprietor instantly asked, "You a TV writer?" Mr. Whedon who, a few years back, had had a play produced by Jed Harris and more recently had co-authored the Broadway musical "Texas, Lil Darlin'," said yes he was, but how did the guy know. "TV writers," the proprietor 'said authoritatively, "know they gotta tear up, so they want cheap paper. George S. Kaufman comes in here, he writes plays, he wants the best heavy bond."

That same evening at dinner somebody commented on the news that Vice President Nixon was to set forth soon on a trip to the Far East on just about the same itinerary Adlai Stevenson had followed. Mr. Whedon, an ardent Stevensonian, replied, "Brother, is *that* sending a boy to undo a man's work!"

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

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Good News

▶ In Yugoslavia, where the price of consumer goods is still very high compared to salaries, books are remarkably reasonable. The average American novel in translation, well-printed and adequately bound, costs from thirty to sixty cents while paperbound editions of classics and contemporary authors sell for as little as fifteen cents. The variety of literature displayed is reported as remarkable: fiction, biography, scientific and medical works, children's books, magazines, reviews, and translations of many American authors. The average Yugoslav has, therefore, opportunities to learn about the best aspects of American life.

▶ Two women in Richmond, Virginia saw the stirring United Artists' film "Cry, the Beloved Country" in Canada and wished to have it shown in Richmond. They approached the local theatre manager, only to be told that such films (religious, with racial issues) had never proved successful. They got together twenty-five people who underwrote the showing for two days at a cost of $600, with all profits after expenses to go to World Missions. The theatre was swamped, and showed a two-day profit of $750. So the same people underwrote a continuance for three more days, and reaped an additional profit of $1,204.34. Then the theatre itself continued the showing for several more days. All together more than 14,000 citizens of Richmond saw the great Alan Paton film.

▶ U.N. staff members recently held their fifth collection for UNICEF, amounting to $11,000, and bringing their total contribution to $84,000. This $11,000 can protect 125,000 persons from malaria for a year, or provide enough penicillin to cure 88,000 children of the crippling tropical disease of yaws, or immunize 264,000 young people against tuberculosis, or provide equipment and a year's supply of drugs, milk, and fish-oil capsules for fourteen maternal and child-welfare centers.

▶ Forty-eight hours after the recent devastating earthquake in Turkey the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund was distributing blankets to the homeless in the center of the distressed area. The blankets were flown to Ankara by United Nations aircraft. Thus do common people throughout the world learn what it means to have a United Nations through which to give and to receive in time of need.

—DONALD HARRINGTON.

photo by John Loengard

If you liked

Portrait of Jennie & One More Spring—

If you like

ROBERT NATHAN

then you'll like

THE TRAIN IN THE MEADOW

If you didn't—you won't

Here is Robert Nathan at his very best. Turning his smooth-flowing style and his unique mixture of fantasy and reality, of satire and sentiment, towards some of the universal problems of present-day living, he has written a remarkable and —on several levels—enjoyable book.

Again he has translated experience into a tale that is infinitely wise and infinitely innocent and that conveys a sense of absolute truth. Writing from his heart as well as his mind, he has given us a book that stays with us long after we have finished it.

"One of the tenderest and most delicate of [Robert Nathan's novels]. . . . I can think of nothing that should mar the complete reading pleasure which this book will afford."

—EDWARD WAGENKNECHT, *Chicago Tribune*

$2.75 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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the throb of violence

In a small New England town on a fog-sodden night, the meeting — sudden, in fear — of a boy and a girl begins a story that grows from stillness into cacophony. Link is a Negro, college-educated, remote. Camilo is a wealthy white girl, lonely and impetuous. Before they realize it they have fallen in love.

Slowly the people of the town become aware of Link and Camilo. They cannot leave them alone. Link's proud, careful mother; her soft-spoken upstairs tenant, butler in the wealthiest house in town; Link's sardonic friend, the saloonkeeper; the photographer who is driven by a passion for the sensational — dark and white-skinned alike are shocked into action.

The story is told without bitterness. Simply, almost casually, it unfolds. Its effect, because of this, is subtly convincing and powerfully moving. *The Narrows* is a novel that you can never forget.

By the author of THE STREET ANN PETRY

THE NARROWS

$3.95 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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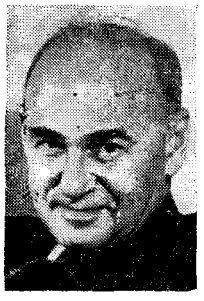
The Saturday Review

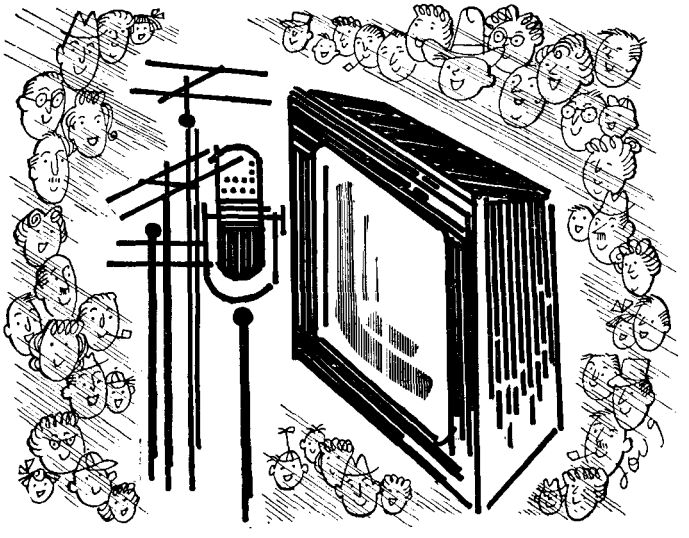
AUGUST 29, 1953

RADIO, TV AND THE COMMON MAN

By GILBERT SELDES



This analysis of the relationship between the broadcasters and the public forms Part Five of a series dealing with the level of taste in a society increasingly dominated by mass-communication techniques. Gilbert Seldes, who writes regularly for SR's TV AND RADIO *department, is author of "The Seven Lively Arts," "The Great Audience," and other books about popular entertainment.*



IN the Thirty Years' War between the broadcasters and their critics the heavy battalions and God—as represented by the public—have been on the broadcasters' side. If television hadn't revived some ancient misgivings and made some early blunders, serious criticism of the broadcasting industry might have disappeared entirely; the critics had become fretful and ineffective, and the broadcasters—who had been occasionally apologetic—were so secure in public favor that they showed few symptoms of the guilt complex that had haunted them in their earlier phases. As far as the public was concerned the critics were asking irrelevant questions, withholding praise where it was clearly due, and setting themselves up as the enemy of whatever was popular. The coming of television gives the critics a second chance to ask the right questions and thereby arrive at a useful relation to the industry.

The question being asked by *The Saturday Review* is one of the right ones. It is part of a general inquiry into the relation between the communicative arts and the public, and as it applies to broadcasting it can be put in simple terms: Is it true, as has often been said, that the broadcasters underestimate the taste, intelligence, and maturity of the public? Are the masses ahead of the media?

Oversimplified like this, the question is also overloaded. The critics are asking the broadcasters, "How much longer do you intend to go on beating your wives?" and the broadcasters answer is usually a combination of "We aren't legally married" and "They love it."

Obviously you can't discuss the relationship between broadcasters and audience until you know what an audience is. If you dig down to the bedrock on which

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the industry is founded, these solid facts become apparent: (1) an audience is what the sponsor buys; (2) an audience is what the broadcasters deliver; (3) an audience is a measurable fraction of *the* audience; (4) all the fractional audiences put together fall short of being "the public." Not at all apparent, but confirmed by experience, is the hypothesis that *audiences are created by broadcasting.*

THE fundamental attitudes toward audiences are all simple. Broadcasters (including sponsors) attempt to satisfy the current wants of large sections of the total audience; critics assert that the people making up these audiences have other interests and curiosities, perhaps not intense enough to be called wants, but legitimate; they also assert that the definite wants of smaller, but sizable, audiences should also be satisfied. And the Government, representing us as the third party in the discussion, licenses broadcasters to operate "in the public interest," which transcends all partial interests and is greater than their sum. It is, for instance, in the public interest that a vast number of citizens should be alert and intelligent enough to meet the successive crises of the world today, and it is therefore against the public interest if broadcasting fails to contribute to our awareness of problems and our capacity to solve them. But the individual broadcaster can be and usually is absolved of this responsibility.

The fact that an audience is a commodity to be bought and sold is usually concealed, because technically sponsors buy "time on the air." But both the jargon of the trade and some recent rulings of the FCC indicate that what is actually bought is the time and attention given by the audience. To attract sponsors broadcasters often promise to *build* an audience for the time-period he has chosen, and there is ample evidence that audiences have been prevented from coming into existence. The hypothesis stated above can be expanded: *audiences are created by broadcasts and exist only at those times and in those places that the broadcasters want them to exist.*

This is the central fact about broadcasting, because it is the central fact about the audience, but its implications are so grave that I think some proof must be brought forward. There's a lot of it.

Several years ago CBS issued an effective promotion piece called "Our Sixty-ninth-Most-Popular-Program"; it pointed out that, although sixty-eight other programs on the network had higher ratings, "Invitation to Learning" still had an impressive audience of over a million listeners. At about the same time (according to FCC records) "Invitation to Learning" was being heard on only thirty-nine CBS stations; ninety-seven other affiliates of the network did not carry the program. No proof exists that any significant number of people in these ninety-seven other cities demanded to hear "Invitation to Learning," but commonsense rejects the idea that *nobody* in ninety-seven average cities wouldn't be glad to hear a program that a million people in thirty-nine other cities listened to with pleasure. That an audience in the ninety-seven cities did not come into being was simply because the creative act, making the program available, was not performed.

The same thing has happened on other networks and with all kinds of programs. Thus 216 Mutual stations did not carry a round-table discussion and only forty did; a Labor for Victory program during the war was taken by thirty-five NBC stations, refused by 104; and so on. We do not yet have comparable data for television, but the principle is the same.

PARALLEL and opposite is the case of symphonic music. The precarious lives of great orchestras in pre-radio days, their constant "drives" for endowment funds, indicate that at most a few hundred thousand musical individuals actively wanted to hear the classics. This hardly constituted a demand by broadcasting standards. It is a matter of record that when William S. Paley proposed to broadcast the concerts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony he knew that an audience for them did not exist and declared his intention of creating one. He was successful; eventually the Philharmonic even acquired a sponsor, and its audience was at one time estimated at about ten million. The demand is so intense that an attempt to broadcast the concerts by transcription, at various hours, brought violent objections and was abandoned after a single season.

The effect of symphonic broadcasts and other musical programs on concert-going and the sale of classical records—some $50,000,000 a year spent on the first and 40 per cent of all record sales for the latter—are in a sense secondary proofs of the creative power of broadcasting. The primary effect is radio's own audience. In creating this audience sponsors were unable to afford the long pull; they paid for orchestral music but withdrew support after a short time, so that it required a network with all its resources (and the happy coincidence of unsold time on the air) to sustain the programs long enough to let the audience form, to let enough people know that they didn't dislike "long-hair" music as much as they thought they did. Again, considering broad-

(*Continued on page* 39)

Journey Toward Poetry

By May Sarton

FIRST that beautiful mad exploration
Through a multiple legend of landscape
When all the roads open and close again
Behind a car that rushes toward escape,
The mind shot out across foreign borders
To visionary and abrupt disorders.
The hills unwind and wind up on a spool;
Rivers leap out of their beds and run;
The pink geranium standing on the wall
Rests there a second, still, and then breaks open
To show far off the huge blood-red cathedral
Looming like magic against a bright blue sky;
And marble cemeteries fall into the sea.

After the mad beautiful racing is done,
To be still, to be silent, to stand by a window
Where time not motion changes light to shadow,
Is to be present at the birth of creation.
Now from the falling chaos of sensation
A single image possesses the whole soul:
The field of wheat, the telegraph pole.
From them the composed imagination reaches
Up and down to find its own frontier.
All landscapes crystalize and focus here,
And in the distance stand five copper beeches.

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A Younger Bemelmaniac

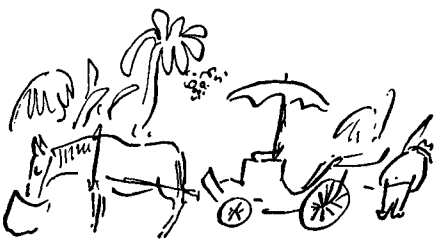
Ludwig Bemelmans's "Father, Dear Father" *(Viking Press. 247 pp. $3.50) is an account of the incomparable artist-writer's jaunt through Europe in the company of his daughter Barbara and their poodle Little Bit. In the following essay-review Mr. Rogow charts that land of delight and wonder, Bemelmania.*

By Lee Rogow

HOW USEFUL a thing it is for the writer to be an artist! And yet, considering how universal must be the writer's wish to show how the mental picture actually looks, how few writers have been able to make their pencils work both ways! There have been Tom Lea and Thurber, Max Beerbohm and Salvador Dali, and then we must start scratching for new names. It is interesting to note that in most cases where the writer has been able to lead the double life the man began as an artist and then branched out.

Such was the case with Ludwig Bemelmans, whose two-handed skill goes far beyond the mere ability to break off a difficult word description with an inserted drawing captioned: "The burgomaster looked like this." Bemelmans's twin abilities have enabled him to create a snug, private, completely furnished world of his own, a world of childlike wonder and Continental sophistication, a world which has been the land of delight for almost twenty years.

Bemelmania is a warm and welcoming place, the terrain of which has become familiar with much travel over the years. There are few homes here—it consists mostly of hotels and boats, trains and restaurants. It is made of bright colors and sentimental squiggles. The dogs here have the nobility and charm of perfect knights, and they are secure in the love of the small, innocent, and immensely powerful children who inhabit the land.



—For "Father, Dear Father," by the author.

In Bemelmania the major industry is eating and drinking, and every person—especially the author—is deeply concerned with the ritual and content of each repast. A series of sad-faced but serious waiters assist in the drama of breaking the fast, and their sense of their own importance is not misplaced, for in Bemelmania waiters rank with congressmen of less civilized lands, and a maitre d'hotel is like a prime minister.

There are villains in Bemelmania, and useful fellows they are, for it would be a dreary land that had no villains and consequently no stories. Bemelmans's villains are the petty officials who misuse power to trample on the rights of the good people and the good dogs. They are the rich whose only loves are possession and position. They know their business, these villains. None of your modern, shilly-shallying, self-torturing, betwixt-and-between villainy for them. They go right ahead with their skulduggery and their self-indulgence until they are brought down in smoke and flame like enemy fighter planes.

THIS GAY and improbable suburb of reality was first created in 1934 when the author was living in a Greenwich Village apartment so bare that he furnished it by painting chairs, tables, and lamps on the walls. (Rightfully stingy with a good idea, Bemelmans later used the same motif to decorate a New York restaurant.) The first book, "Hansi," was a "juvenile," the story, with pictures, of Bemelmans's boyhood in the Tyrol. It was Alps away from the Bemelmans of today, but already there the great surge of sentiment, the intimate attention to food and drink, and the shrewd child's hand in the drawings. Other juveniles followed, and it soon became apparent that grown-ups were snatching them from their offsprings' sticky hands.

Bemelmans made the transition from juveniles to grown-ups without shifting gears. His great success was with the stories of the Hotel Splendide. The hit novels were "Blue Danube," a story of Regensburg in World War II, and "Now I Lay Me Down to

THE AUTHOR: Ludwig Bemelmans, just as you might have guessed, was bound for Europe to look up some old royalty the day "Father, Dear Father," his fourteenth book, appeared. He was traveling cognito. Bemelmans, however, left behind a little memento—an attractive, slender, seventeen-year-old girl by the name of Barbara Bemelmans, his daughter, whose every little action is recounted in the book. Barbara made it clear at once that she doesn't call her father "Father" at all; "Poppy" is her word for him. "Pickle," it turned out, is his word for her. Anyway, Barbara, fresh from a reading of "Father, Dear Father," went on to disclose that usually she reads only Poppy's children's books. "I read *this* one all the way through, though," she reported, "because I knew you'd ask me about it. To the last line! *Honest!*" Barbara, in a kind of spill-the-beans mood, said Poppy had gone in for some fact-embellishing in the book. "Like I was eleven when we made that trip to Europe, not *thirteen*," she catalogued. "Also, he calls my dog 'Little Bit.' He *knows* its 'Kitty de Belvedere.' Also, he says Mother stayed home. She *didn't*, but, because she hates to be in books, he always says she stayed—" Barbara interrupted herself, almost as though she felt that Poppy was eavesdropping from a continent away. "Poppy's going to kill me if I make a liar out of him," she muttered. "He'd probably murder me. He'd probably give my trust fund to someone else." Barbara, worked up, ordered a Coke. "Poppy's funny," she went on. "He doesn't believe the world is round, he asks Mother how to spell 'cat,' he says 'pe-*des*-tal' instead of *ped*-es-tal,' and he doesn't believe in psychology. He's fifty-five, too." On the subject of age Barbara recalled that Poppy's publisher recently wanted a picture of Poppy and herself. "Poppy," she went on, "wanted to buy me some braids so I'd look younger, like thirteen, like in the book. Poppy. I guess he wants me to stay thirteen for the whole time." —BERNARD KALB.

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this time the world of Bemelmans was complete, and he has been traveling about in it, nibbling and scribbling, ever since. Fortunately for the bubblegum set, Bemelmans has continued turning out juveniles. The most recent, "Madeline's Rescue," is a perfect study of the story processes which operate in the world of Ludwig Bemelmans.

Madeline is one of twelve indentical small girls who live in a home in Paris, one of the important industrial centers of Bemelmania. Madeline falls in the Seine and is rescued by a noble dog, Genevieve, who is taken to live in the home. Enter the villain, Lord Cucuface, who drives the dog into the streets. Sadly the children search through the city, giving the author the opportunity to do a completely enchanting set of drawings of the familiar scenes of this beloved city. One night Genevieve scratches at the door. Joy at her return is quickly swept away when the twelve children battle about which is to protect the dog. Suddenly—a miracle of nature and love!—twelve identical puppies are born, and in Bemelmans's words, "there is enough hound to go around."

This is first-chop Bemelmans, and I venture to state that anyone who does not adore this book would poison wells.

IN "Father, Dear Father," the latest Bemelmans Baedeker, veteran tourists will discern familiar landmarks. The small girl is Barbara, the author's own daughter and a baptised dog-lover. The pooch is Little Bit, a toy French poodle represented here as possessing tact, courage, discretion, and a combination of other virtues unglimpsed on this wicked planet since the Round Table became dust. There is a villain, too, a certain Mr. Haegeli, butcher of the S.S. *America*, who is so ferocious as to insist that the poodle pass the voyage in the ship's kennel officially provided for sea-going canines. The story of the foiling of Mr. Haegeli makes the opening chapter of "Father, Dear Father" a pleasant reminder that an accomplished storyteller is in business at the same old stand.

"Father, Dear Father" was originally composed as a series of travel pieces mailed back to American magazines. In pursuit of anecdota and data, Bemelmans went to the Tyrol and to Rome, to Capri and Ischia. He climbed the peak of Vesuvius, he descended to the Blue Grotto. He met Lucky Luciano and Donna Rachele Mussolini. Some of the chapters are charming little guidebook pieces about the food, the wine, the picturesque esque characters. But here and there we find the bright, ironic stories which are the true, minted currency of Bemelmania.

There was Signor Patrizzi, for example, the rich man whose fiancee presented him with her childhood diaries so that he would know all about her—and who condemned himself to a life of loneliness because of an intolerable suspicion provoked by a single empty page. There was Wendelin, the Austrian cafe singer, who reported about a certain formerly rich official in the Russian Zone of Vienna who was stripped of his fortune but still kept his butler, because the butler had relatives in America and occasionally shared a CARE package with his employer.

THE triumph of animals is not forgotten in "Father, Dear Father." At one point Bemelmans advances the thought that Pierre Laval might not have been as bad as he was painted, because he delivered his dog to the care of kind innkeepers in the Tyrol shortly before he was captured by the Allies and returned to France for trial. In another place, he relates with a straight face the magic children's story devised by the decrepit cafe singer: An old and nearsighted deer is hunted in his native mountains by a killer from the valley. As the killer is about to shoot, a friendly pine tree trips the hunter and casts him into an abyss, at the same time lifting a pair of binoculars from the hunter's shoulder and hanging them from a branch in such a position that the myopic deer can henceforth look down into the valley and detect the approach of deerslayers in plenty of time.

When Bemelmans has the right kind of story he manages a unique blend of gaiety and melancholy, of satire and love. There are other areas where his touch is not quite so sure. There is a tribute to Lady Mendl in this book which makes it hard to understand exactly what Bemelmans found attractive in the ancient lady, and there is a dolorous Christmas story about a rich man who found that Gracious Living was a lie, a story which seems rather odd in view of Bemelmans's own devotion to the creature comforts.

Such quibbles aside, there is nobody like this epicurean pixie, and it is a pleasure to walk once more in his own enchanted neighborhood where all waiters are intent, where all anecdotes have delightfully ironic endings, where all buildings lean sideways, and where the power of a small girl is more formidable than that of a hundred panzer divisions.

—*Erich Kastan.*

Frank Sullivan—"a kind of vigilante."

Zany, Inc.

Frank Sullivan's "The Night the Old Nostalgia Burned Down" *(Little, Brown. 248 pp. $3) is a new collection of humorous pieces by a veteran masseur of funny-bones.*

By Bernard Kalb

NEXT to climbing Mt. Everest in a pair of shoes one size too small, one of the toughest, most tortuous jobs around these days is writing humor. (Check, if you feel that that is an overstatement, with a humorist like, say, S. J. Perelman, who, the last I heard about him, was 29,001 feet up old Everest, struggling to make the last twelve inches to the summit.) The fact is, the mortality rate in the field of humor writing isn't just high, it is astronomical. Only a few have ever managed to locate the nation's funnybone, and of those a gent who hasn't stopped being humorous for decades is Frank Sullivan.

Frank Sullivan, who is to Saratoga Springs what *péche* is to *melba*, has always been reconnoitering the American scene in pursuit of fads, nonsense, and just plain old stupidity. Armed with satire, parody, burlesque, and jokes, he has constantly been on the lookout, searching, his antennae sensitive. Like a kind of vigilante, he, along with other sharpshooters like James Thurber, E. B. White, and Perelman, to list only a few of them, has been standing guard over our commonsense. Maybe, after all the laughter, that's what humor is—a kind of weapon to keep idiocy away.

Anyway, Sullivan is back with his latest catch—"The Night the Old Nostalgia Burned Down—an anthol-

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of which originally appeared in magazines like *The New Yorker, Holiday, House & Garden, Good Housekeeping,* and *Cosmopolitan.* Many of these are exuberant reminiscences about Saratoga—Sullivan's days as a pump boy at the track, his regret over the disappearing front porch, his sorrow that children nowadays don't know anything about haunted houses, his affection for a street in his town. Interspersed are a number of Q.'s and A.'s with Mr. Arbuthnot, the cliché expert, on baseball, the tabloids, and drama. Excellent and invigorating as these pieces are, they don't add up to my own favorite Sullivan—Sullivan of Zany & Uproarious, Inc.

(Sullivan has always been marvelously wild. Back in February 1925 he delivered a little speech over the radio—his first—in which he advocated "a higher tariff on apple sauce," according to the old *World.* While he was at it, he defended "the right of a man in society to soak up his gravy with a piece of bread.")

OF ALL the pieces in his new collection possibly the best is "The Night the Old Nostalgia Burned Down." It, if Mr. Arbuthnot will let me get away with the phrase, is a gem, *le dernier cri* among spoofs at syrupy recollections. It begins:

> When I was a boy Fourteenth Street was where Twenty-third Street is now, and Samuel J. Tilden and I used to play marbles on the lot where the Grand Opera House still stood. Governor Lovelace brought the first marble from England to this country on August 17, 1668, and gave it to my Great-Aunt Amelia van Santvoort, of whom he was enamored. She had several copies made, and Sam Tilden and I used to amuse ourselves with them.

Included, too, are a number of other wonderful pieces, particularly "The Forgotten Bach," about a Bach who was, of all things, tone-deaf. Anyway, it is only because this collection is mostly first rate that the question of whether it will still be around in a couple of decades is worth considering, and on that subject it's interesting to quote Sullivan himself. "I shudder to think of what readers fifteen to twenty years from now will think if they ever are trapped into reading the pieces we think funny now," he said back in 1933, when his "In One Ear" was published. "A humorist, unless he is very, very good, has a life only a little longer than that of a moth." Sullivan needn't move a muscle; he is good—very, very.

When the Boll Was Big

Frederick Law Olmsted's "The Cotton Kingdom," *a classic account of a Northerner's observations on cotton and slavery in the Old South, is now available in a new edition, edited and with an introduction by Arthur M. Schlesinger. (Alfred A. Knopf. 626 pp. $6.75). Here Professor Francis B. Simkins of Longwood College, author of "A History of the South," reappraises the work and its author.*

By Francis B. Simkins

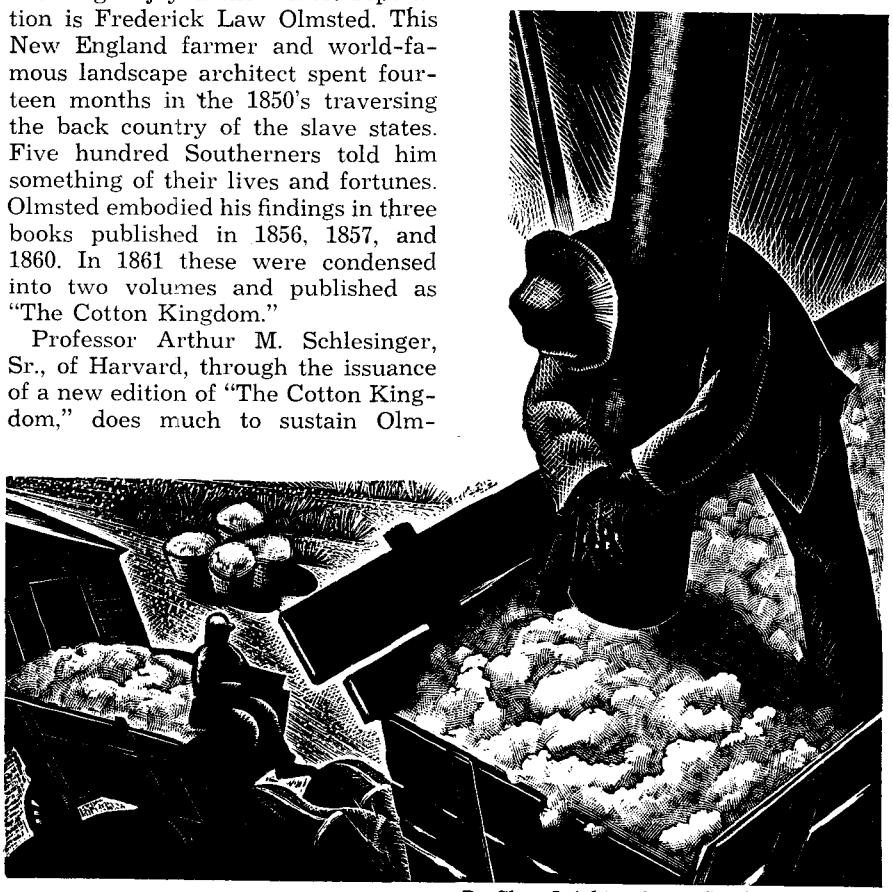
HUNDREDS of travelers in the last four hundred years have left accounts of their wanderings within the great crescent between the Potomac and the Rio Grande. The first of these wanderers was the Gentleman of Elvas, the chronicler of De Soto's explorations; the last significant one was Jonathan Daniels, the North Carolina journalist.

The traveler through the South who has long enjoyed the widest reputation is Frederick Law Olmsted. This New England farmer and world-famous landscape architect spent fourteen months in the 1850's traversing the back country of the slave states. Five hundred Southerners told him something of their lives and fortunes. Olmsted embodied his findings in three books published in 1856, 1857, and 1860. In 1861 these were condensed into two volumes and published as "The Cotton Kingdom."

Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., of Harvard, through the issuance of a new edition of "The Cotton Kingdom," does much to sustain Olmsted's high reputation. His introduction is an illuminating appraisal of both the traveler and his writings. He shows that most scholars concerned with the Old South draw heavily on Olmsted; he might have added that this is also true of realistic novelists who capture best the Southern past.

Professor Schlesinger declares of Olmsted, "It is difficult to conceive of a more objective critic of Southern life." He buttresses this assertion by demonstrating that the famous traveler possessed the New England virtues: energy, wealth, curiosity, expert knowledge, moral earnestness, faith in democracy, and idealism.

The irony of the situation is that these tight virtues did not leave room for the creation of standards by which so dissentient a community as the Old South could be fairly judged. Olmsted did not possess the virtues of tolerance and imagination. He could not appreciate the Legend of the South: those aristocratic conditions which do not in fact exist but



—By Clare Leighton from "Southern Harvest."

". . . Olmsted's Old South was not glamorous."

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are the ideals by which Southerners live. This matter-of-fact New Englander could not have understood why a modern traveler is able to say that the people of the South impress "one at once with their different voices, different accent, their sense of manners, the courtesy which appears in all classes."

OLMSTED was forever scolding Southern farmers for not being as tidy as he and his Northern neighbors. He ascribed the contrast to slavery. He forgot that it might have been due to the Southerners' preoccupation with making a living out of the soil, whereas his father's and the taxpayers' money sustained Olmsted's neat farm and ornamental gardens. He had no compunction in calling an autobiographical essay "Passages from the Life of an Impractical Man."

Olmsted accused Southerners of being ill-mannered and inhospitable. It is likely that his own bad manners encouraged rudeness on the part of his hosts. His curiosity led him into private homes where he asked personal questions and searched for awkward realities.

This ungrateful man made a classic example of laziness out of a Mississippi planter who spent a full morning giving his guest enough information to fill pages of "The Cotton Kingdom." "Up to this time," says Olmsted, "our host had not paid the smallest attention to any work his men were doing, or even looked to see if they had fed the cattle, but had lounged about, sitting upon a fence, chewing tobacco, and talking to us, evidently very glad to have somebody to converse with."

A man who belonged to a privileged class of New England was so much opposed to privilege in the South that he seldom broke bread with Southern aristocrats. He saw them only with the stern eyes of the agricultural economist.

Professor Schlesinger shows that Olmsted was not an abolitionist, but he does not say that Olmsted was not a reformer. The New England traveler tried to get Southerners to abolish slavery by trying to prove that it was uneconomic. He hoped to demonstrate his point by introducing Germans into Texas. When this project proved starry-eyed the reformer turned realist. He joined in the bloody crusade of 1861 to destroy slavery. He told the English: "Either we must subjugate slavery, or be subjugated by it."

George Borrow in his "Bible in Spain" exhibited prejudices similar to those of Olmsted. The narrow-minded Englishman thought Spain's alleged backwardness was due to Catholicism. Yet he wrote one of the most illuminating books ever written about that recusant country. The narrow-minded Olmsted has done the same thing for the South. "The real question is," says one of his Southern critics, "did the writer tell the truth?" The answer of this critic is, "There is transparent candor in every line."

Olmsted wrote a day-by-day portrayal of the common people and the common things of the South. He let his subjects naively tell the truth about themselves and their communities. He then added his own expert opinion. Light is shed on health, drinking and eating habits, accommodations for travelers, farming methods, and even the role of the hog in the life of the people.

This observant Yankee discovered the paradoxes of Southern life: the close cohabitation of black and white despite a caste system; the fact that slaves were so exasperating that masters could not have peace at night and mistresses became haggard before their time; and the fact that Draconian laws did not prevent slaves from having fun or from exhibiting snobbish or even foppish inclinations.

Olmsted's Old South was not glamorous. The fare was monotonous, the dwellings were shabby, and the arts almost nonexistent. The author's gloomy conclusions were that in the region below the Potomac "there have been fewer valuable inventions and discoveries, or designs in art, or literary compositions of a high rank," than in "any community of equal numbers and wealth, probably in the world." Men were talkative only on such topics as crops and prices.

However, Olmsted did not tell the whole story; he was too intolerant for that. Writers who came after him have supplemented or corrected his opinions. They have been more compassionate toward a civilization which fell before New England violence.

Dixieism

"The Growth of Southern Nationalism," by Avery O. Craven *(Louisiana State University Press. 433 pp. $6.50), dealing with the decade before the Civil War, is the latest addition to the ten-volume "History of the South." Professor Stampp of the University of California at Berkeley, who reviews it here, is the author of "And the War Came: The North and the Secession Crisis."*

By Kenneth M. Stampp

AT least a dozen books dealing with significant topics of the decade before the American Civil War have been published in recent years, including two by Avery O. Craven. One might wonder whether it is still possible to say anything original about these unhappy years. Professor Craven has demonstrated in "The Growth of Southern Nationalism, 1848-1861" that it is possible, for the subject is ever fascinating and seemingly inexhaustible.

There is little fresh factual material in this book; it is a fairly routine description of the major incidents and issues connected with the sectional battle of the 1850's. It offers, however, a better and fuller analysis of Southern public opinion and of the sources of Southern nationalism than has ever been provided before. Mr. Craven is convinced that the Southern people in general were less hysterical and less inclined toward radical action than is commonly believed. Southerners, he thinks, did not go on as great an emotional binge as did Northerners, at least not until after John Brown's raid. This is a point that is sure to be disputed.

Mr. Craven may also be criticized for his failure to provide an institutional analysis of Southern slavery. He writes about it as a sectional issue and as a symbol but never as a reality. This omission probably results from the fact that Craven's book is part of a projected ten-volume series entitled "A History of the South." Evidently he did not think that an appraisal of slavery was within his province. Unfortunately, neither did the author of the preceding volume which covers the period 1819-48. Perhaps the South's "peculiar institution" will be considered in some earlier volume not yet published. But this still means that Southern Negroes, who constituted one-third of the South's population, have virtually been ignored during the forty years preceding the

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Slaves Self-Redeemed

"The Negro in the Civil War," by Benjamin Quarles (Little, Brown, 379 pp. $5), is a new attempt to depict the part of Southern and Northern Negroes in the military service and on the home front. Professor Williams of Louisiana State University, who reviews it here, is the author of "Lincoln and His Generals."

By T. Harry Williams

L. C. Handy Studios (Culver).

". . . 'to a few careful historians the Negro was the key figure in the Civil War'."

IN the blurb on the jacket of his "The Negro in the Civil War" Benjamin Quarles writes: "To a few careful historians the Negro was the key figure in the Civil War. The others have not entered into a conspiracy of silence or a plot of distortion: they have simply neglected to approach the period with the Negro in mind. It is my hope to set the records straight, to restore the Negro to his rightful, active place in the War that set him free."

The careful historians are, to judge by Professor Quarles's bibliography, Edward Channing, John Bach McMaster, Horace Greeley, Edward McPherson, John Hope Franklin, W. E. B. Du Bois, and a few others. These writers in their general works perceived the true role of the Negro in the Civil War. Two authors before Mr. Quarles dealt specifically with the subject of the Negro in the war. Herbert Aptheker collected four essays into a brief volume entitled "The Negro in the Civil War"; Bell I. Wiley produced a longer work, "Southern Negroes, 1861-1865." Both were published in 1938. Professor Quarles's book, although not differing markedly from the earlier two in interpretation or emphasis, is concerned with a wider scope and tells a bigger story.

The contents of the book can be easily summarized. It is a description, often in detail, of the activities of Northern and Southern Negroes in the military service and on the home front. To borrow one of the author's chapter titles, the book is "A Group Portrait in Sepia." It might even be called a biography of the American Negro in the war. The author's theme is that from the beginning of the struggle the Negro wanted freedom and that he had a great deal to do with bringing about his own emancipation. He was not a passive figure who supinely waited for politicians and fate to liberate him. He helped himself, as is evidenced in many ways, notably by the 180,000 Negroes who served in the Army and Navy. This active role of the Negro has never

Civil War. This is most regrettable in a series designed, according to the jacket blurb, "to present a thoroughly balanced history of all the complex aspects of the South's culture."

MR. CRAVEN's attempt to reinterpret the sectional conflict is a contribution of more than ordinary significance. Continued research and reflection have caused him to modify, qualify, and clarify some of the points of view expounded in his earlier writings, especially in "The Repressible Conflict" (1939) and "The Coming of the Civil War" (1942). This is an admirable accomplishment of which few scholars are capable.

Craven makes it more evident than he did before that he is conscious of the deep social and economic forces that were sweeping the country toward the tragedy of 1861. He believes that it was the sublimation of these practical matters into a simple question of moral "right" in the North and of constitutional "rights" in the South that gave this conflict its high emotional charge and placed it beyond the possibility of solution through normal democratic processes. This is a significant point, provided one does not confuse emotions and the propaganda that generated them with fundamental causes. In this book Craven clearly does see the difference.

He notes that "back of what appeared on the surface, and what was hidden in the blind emotionalism of the immediate, lay the brutal fact that the emerging modern world had reduced the South to a permanent minority in a colonial status and had condemned its labor system as both unjust and inefficient." Southerners were "attempting to repudiate the great forces of change that threatened their civilization."

It is Craven's analysis of the failure of democracy, manifested in the resort to war, that gives his book a disturbing relevance to our present world. He believes that democratic processes broke down because issues were defined in terms of principles which could not be compromised, and because the abolitionist attack upon slavery menaced the "fundamental structure" of Southern society. Professor Craven may be right. But if he is, he has discovered democracy's fatal weakness. If revolutions, always painful, can never be peaceful, if issues involving moral principles must be avoided at all costs, then democracy has no future.

I think, however, that Craven has provided another answer when he asks whether the Civil War was inevitable. "That depends on the time of which one is speaking," he says. The Civil War may have been inevitable in 1860, but it is possible that it was not inevitable in 1800. The trouble in the intervening years may have been that most statesmen—especially those who preferred any makeshift compromise —*failed* to deal promptly and decisively with fundamental issues. Perhaps it was those politicians who twisted the science of politics into the tactics of evasion and procrastination who were the real underminers of democratic processes. During the sectional conflict slavery had great significance as the moral symbol of a whole cluster of rival interests. But one should not forget that it had even greater significance as an ugly fact.

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been sufficiently emphasized, and Professor Quarles is certainly setting the records straight when he points it up. He sets it forth, it should be added, in vivid, moving prose. From the literary standpoint this is history as it ought to be written.

THE recent advance of the Negro toward a position of full equality in American society has been accompanied by a rewriting of his history. In part this is a manifestation of the compulsion which every age feels to revaluate the past in terms of its own perceptions and needs. With democracy contracting abroad and expanding at home, as far as minority rights are concerned, it has been only natural for Americans to look in their past for affirmations of the values they stand for today. They have sought for and found evidences of democratic aspirations and accomplishments in previous national crises. For written history the results have often been good. Too much historical writing has been occupied with the failures and the shortcomings, the cynicism and the hypocrisy in our national past.

Perhaps now the pendulum has swung too far in the direction of an idealized presentation. In Mr. Quarles's book nearly everything is sweetness and light. All of the Negroes seem to be noble, magnanimous individuals with lofty, abstract notions of liberty. Many of the whites appear in the same light. From this book one would hardly get the impression that some Negroes conceived of freedom in the lowest of material terms, that many whites favored the use of colored soldiers simply to keep white boys out of service, that some white soldiers loathed the spectacle of Negro soldiers, and that some black troopers behaved badly in battle. In the latter connection, it is discouraging to see repeated as a fact in these pages the old, false accusation that the Confederates buried Negroes alive at Fort Pillow. I had thought that one itself had been buried beyond recall.

Many of the historians of the war and of Reconstruction have written stereotype history. Too often they have assumed that all whites were angels. Professor Quarles seems to think that all Negroes were saints. As a matter of fact, they were just as bad as white people.

Li'l Phil's Rides

"Sheridan, the Inevitable," by Richard O'Connor *(Bobbs-Merrill. 400 pp. $4.50), is a vivid biography of the general whose cavalry cut off Lee's retreat and forced his surrender at Appomattox. Jay Monaghan, who reviews it below, is the author of several books on the Civil War period and is consultant for the Wyles Collection of Lincolniana at the University of California's Santa Barbara College.*

By Jay Monaghan

A "FOUL-MOUTHED little Irishman" was the appraisal of Philip H. Sheridan by John Bach McMaster, probably the most influential historian of his time. McMaster spoke from personal contact as an employe during the years of Sheridan's greatness. As a commentary on the source of durable reputations it might be pointed out that the Civil War general is best remembered for "Sheridan's Ride," a fourth-rate poem by a third-rate rhymester, T. Buchanan Read, frequently delivered at Civil War rallies by a second-rate actor, James E. Murdoch, who was also famous for his recitations about Lincoln and the sleeping sentinel.

Sheridan's feat of horsemanship has usually been glossed over, even by such uncritical contemporary biographers as Richard J. Hinton and Henry C. Greiner. In Sheridan's own memoirs there is little to indicate that his famous black charger moved out of a walk. However, Richard O'Connor, in his "Sheridan, the Inevitable," weighs the testimony of many eyewitnesses and comes to the revisionist conclusion that "it was a good hard ride"—sufficiently vague to satisfy this reviewer.

Sheridan, the poor Irish lad who attained the exalted rank of general in the United States Army, is certainly one of the three best known Union commanders. Yet he has been strangely neglected by biographers, although the legion of writers on Plains history and the Civil War have of necessity recounted his activities in great detail. DeBonneville Keim and Carl Coke Rister have both devoted special studies to Sheridan's Western campaigns. None of these works, however, includes the story of his entire life. Hack biographies appeared over half a century ago, as juveniles, in the Great Commander Series; in a cheap literary format by Street & Smith, the dime-novel publishers; and in a thirty-two-page "life" for the National Tribune Library. These books were all eulogistic and uncritical. In 1931 Joseph Hergesheimer, the popular novelist, wrote the only "modern" biography of Sheridan.

The O'Connor volume surpasses Hergesheimer's in several respects. Both are written in readable style. Both are obviously based on the same principal sources. Hergesheimer included no footnotes but his book was solid history, nevertheless. However, O'Connor has dug deeper. He has used the Sheridan Papers in the Library of Congress and he has read widely for personal anecdotes in collateral texts. Unfortunately, he has omitted Sheridan's experiences observing the Franco-Prussian War. For these, readers must still go back to Hergesheimer or to Sheridan's own memoirs. The Indian campaigns, the demonstration against Maximilian in Mexico, and Sheridan's administration of Texas and Louisiana during Reconstruction—all omitted by Hergesheimer—fill a quarter of O'Connor's book, and he adds the story of a buffalo hunt with the Grand Duke Alexis which Sheridan himself omitted. These details of the General's middle age, when he was advancing to the chieftaincy of an army which—except for spotty Indian fighting—seemed permanently peacetime, are usually neglected.

O'Connor's progress as a biographer has been steadily forward and this volume is in step with his previous reliable works. His "Thomas, Rock of Chickamauga" (1948) was criticized for ignoring the Official Records. His "Hood, Cavalier General" (1949) erred by omitting footnotes. Now, in "Sheridan, the Inevitable," both of these scholarly impedimenta have received their due. Thomas, Hood, and Sheridan all fought in the same war theatre, sometimes in the same battles. All three of the author's books include the conflicts at Chickamauga and Stone's River. Other engagements are described in at least two of his three texts, yet O'Connor has been successful in avoiding monotonous repetition. His style is pleasingly journalese and free-wheeling as befits campaigns on the open road. This reviewer believes that the author might improve his already good presentation by following a precept laid down by Gertrude Stein. She used to say that a biographer should never anticipate, never spoil the realism of a scene by telling the reader that certain characters present are destined to become famous. O'Connor repeatedly does exactly the reverse. It is difficult for a biographer to arouse interest without anticipating, at times. O'Connor's readers will be the final judges of his effectiveness.

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News vs. the Generals

"Reporters for the Union," by Bernard A. Weisberger *(Little, Brown. 316 pp. $4.50) describes, largely in terms of the personalities of the journalists on the scene, how American newspapers "covered" the Civil War. Professor Current of the University of Illinois, author of "Old Thad Stevens," reviews it below.*

By Richard N. Current

THE "MAGIC" by which Japanese codes were broken gave American military authorities an inestimable advantage over the enemy in the Second World War. At the start of the American Civil War the Confederate authorities needed no such magic. They had only to get their hands on a recent copy of almost any newspaper published in the Union. For example, they could learn from the public press during the summer of 1861 such interesting facts as these about the base camp for the Western army at Cairo, Illinois:

"Our forces at Bird's Point now consist of the following regiments: Colonel Wallace's Eleventh Illinois Regiment, Colonel MacArthur's Twelfth Illinois Regiment, Colonel Lawler's Eighteenth Illinois Regiment, and Colonel Daugherty's Twenty-second Illinois Regiment; also, 17 pieces of artillery, consisting of six 24 pound siege guns, three 24 pound howitzers, two 12 pound howitzers and six 6 pound brass pieces."

After three years most of the newsmen were considerably chastened. A *New York Herald* man covering the battle of the Wilderness declared there was "news enough to write to fill the *Herald*; but, knowing how essential is prudence in such a time as this, I shall not in any manner thwart the designs of the great planner of the campaign, General Grant, by making public any matter pertaining to the same until we have met the enemy."

But the reporters progressed only haltingly toward discretion. As Bernard A. Weisberger shows in his lively book, "Reporters for the Union," at the war's end the conflict between the demands of a free press and the needs of military security still was incompletely resolved.

Censorship throughout the fighting was fitful and uneven. The Federal Government laid down no general rules, established no regular board of censors. The crotchety Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, took certain matters into his own hands. He assumed control of telegraph lines, jailed at least one reporter, cultivated the friendship of the *New York Tribune*'s managing editor, and temporarily suppressed a few opposition newspapers.

Otherwise the flow of news from the battlefields was left pretty much to the individual generals, who channeled it or dammed it up as they saw fit. Some of them discriminated in favor of the reporter willing to serve as an unofficial public relations man, magnifying his patron's achievements and belittling those of his rivals. Others tried to exclude all newsmen from their camps with stern impartiality, Sherman even threatening to hang an ace correspondent who defied his ouster. Exclusion of professionals only gave a clear field to amateurs—soldiers and camp visitors—whose uninhibited letters filled the local gazettes.

NEVER during the war did the reporters achieve an assured and defined status. They were not systematically accredited, and they were usually left to fend and forage for themselves.

Most of them probably deserved no better. Even when they did not blab they wrote with partisan spite. On such hot issues as the treatment of escaped slaves or the generalship of McClellan most correspondents slanted their reports to meet the prejudices of editors, generals, or politicians and sent out rabid editorials which were printed as straight news. The staffs of Republican papers gained a pragmatic priority on handouts from the front; their Democratic competitors found it increasingly hard to get any firsthand battle information.

—*Axel Bahnsen.*

Bernard A. Weisberger—"wit and bounce."

Despite the prevailing party spirit, a few reporters trained themselves to gather and interpret facts for their news value alone. They were reporting one revolution and participating in another—their own. Out of their wartime experience came the beginnings of a journalistic profession, with definite standards of industry, integrity, and accuracy.

Out of the full reporting of this war came also a vastly increased news consciousness for the American people. The day of the publicity expert was at hand.

Thus may be summarized the more significant points made by Mr. Weisberger in "Reporters for the Union." Mr. Weisberger devotes most of his book to the reporters themselves. He tells their story with wit and bounce, giving each man his due in a thumbnail biography or at least a tagline characterization. By taking the reader successively through "Mr. Bennett's War," then "Mr. Greeley's War," and then the war as reported by various Republican and Democratic papers, he subjects him to a certain amount of repetitiousness, since it is more or less the same war in each case. But this is a minor flaw. It will not deter any reader who is at all interested in the history of the Civil War, American journalism, or the freedom of the press, or who merely likes true human adventure vividly presented.

Civil War Notes

DIARY OF A FREE NEGRO: The Negro is the central theme of much of American history, but ironically even Negro historians have been forced to rely mainly upon materials written by whites to interpret his life and labor, his thoughts and aspirations. To the limited number of documents revealing the Negro intimately, **"The Journal of Charlotte L. Forten"** edited by Ray Allen Billington (Dryden Press, $5), is a valuable addition.

Charlotte Forten was a member of a prominent free Negro family living in Philadelphia before the Civil War. Her father, unwilling to send her to

(*Continued on page* 36)

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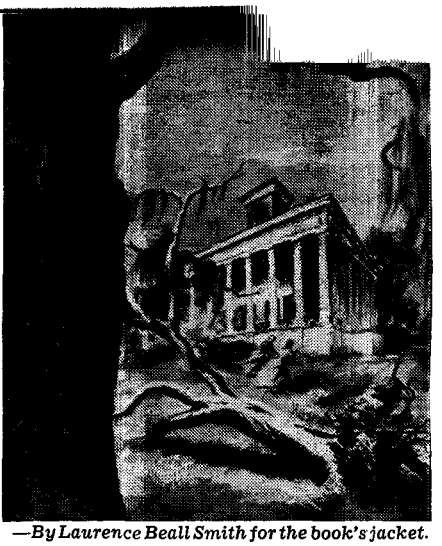
Defeat in the Southland



—By Laurence Beall Smith for the book's jacket.

Ben Ames Williams's "The Unconquered" *(Houghton Mifflin. 689 pp. $5) carries the Currains, the family of "House Divided," through the Reconstruction period. As it is Williams's last work, our reviewer uses it as an occasion to consider the whole career of a highly skilled and dedicated literary craftsman.*

By George F. Scheer

A FEW months before he died suddenly at a curling match last February Ben Ames Williams completed an outsize novel of the South during Reconstruction, "The Unconquered." In it with his accustomed facility he pursues for another turbulent decade the attitudes and adventures of the Currains, their kinsmen, friends, and enemies who valiantly fought and bled, unscrupulously cheated and profited, and vigorously wenched and whelped their way through the generous bulk of his well-remembered Civil War saga, "House Divided."

According to a preface the present book was written because by the time he finished "House Divided" he had become so enamoured of lovely Lucy Currain, who in that book grew from childhood to young womanhood, that he could not bid her farewell. To find out what happened to her during the terrible years of Reconstruction; to see if she would marry Tom Buford in spite of his lost teeth; to learn whether she, like most Southerners, would come to scorn the name of General James Longstreet, of whom descendant Williams had written admiringly in "House Divided," he found it necessary to follow Lucy a little farther through the years.

Of course, Mr. Williams was only being a bit waggish when he said that his sentimental attachment to Lucy led to this sequel. Actually from the beginning of his work on the earlier novel, he had intended to tell the whole story of the South and its people in war and Reconstruction. Only the mechanics of publishing persuaded him—after 1,514 pages—to end incomplete the chronicle of the Currains with the fall of the Confederacy.

Curiously enough, Reconstruction in the South has not been the theme of many novels, and few have had any lasting merit. Contemporaneously Albion Tourgee wrote some tract-like fiction, and Constance Fenimore Woolston produced "Old Gardiston." Soon thereafter such writers as Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary Naoilles Murfree, and Ellen Glasgow wrote with ever-increasing understanding and objectivity. But modern fiction has contributed no significant novel on the subject, and one may doubt that any novels about Reconstruction now are being read, not excepting even the two of Miss Glasgow which were her most immature and far below the level of her later works.

So with "The Unconquered" Ben Ames Williams comes into a relatively barren literary scene, and he does so with a fine book, probing, sympathetic, and often very human. As in "House Divided," his cast of characters is numerous and so created as to portray all the varied levels of society caught in the reconstructing processes. They include a zealous Southern liberal whose home, presided over by his stunning quintroon mistress, became a favored meeting place of the Radicals; an ex-blockade runner looking for easy money in the troubled waters of Reconstruction New Orleans; Trav Currain, a moderate aristocrat trying to establish a new way of life; his sadistic, murdering young son bent on total reassertion of white supremacy at any cost; his daughter Lucy and the highminded state-of-Maine lieutenant attached to the Freedman's Bureau who woos and wins Lucy.

The resourceful author involves all these people in dark and violent actions and fiery passions sufficient to keep things moving, though perhaps not at the pace most readers have come to expect in historical fiction. Mr. Williams was, above all else, studious in his purpose to record a full and comprehensive narrative of the times. Therefore, again he has been lavish with historical details. These are not the details of drugstore romances; they are the techniques of politics, the interplay of historic social and economic conflicts, and the machinery of Reconstruction government. Willa Cather called such detail a form of extravagance, and it does tend to mar in "The Unconquered" that "very satisfying element analogous to what painters call 'composition'." Nonetheless, it is a book more thoughtful than tedious, one that frequently deepens into genuine conviction, achieving for the patient reader who is willing to bear with Williams's sometimes ponderous exploration of historical happenings the cumulative effect of a fair and sound re-creation of a misunderstood and appalling moment in America's past.

THE arrival of "The Unconquered" on the eve of the fall book season is a reminder that Ben Ames Williams is a byline that has been familiar for thirty-four years, often on novels of great popularity and occasionally on ones that at publication were hailed as "important."

The first of his thirty-one novels appeared in 1919. By then thirty-year-old Williams, Mississippi-born son of a newspaper editor, Ohio-bred, Dartmouth-schooled (Class of 1910), had behind him four years of news writing and some five years of magazine fiction, which he continued to write until 1943 when he stopped because he was enjoying novel writing much more. That first novel, "All the Brothers Were Valiant," "came out of a glance through Polti's 'Thirty-Six Dramatic Situations'," but the author's keen sense of story and knowledge of whaling enabled him in ten days of writing to make a tense, readable, though ordinary short book of the trite situation of enmity between brothers. Within a few months Williams followed it with another novel about whaling, "The Sea Bride" (1919), a slightly broader, more ambitious effort, which revealed a growing command of the novel form.

Hunting and fishing with a State-of-Maine friend Williams came to know and love that country. A hundred of his magazine stories about a Maine village he called Fraternity grew from his experiences there, and Maine served as the background for a number of his novels.

Six books later, in 1927, came what

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was called his first "serious" novel. With "Splendor," a long, forthright story of a Boston newspaperman and his family through fifty years, Williams seemed to have found the field that fitted him best, historical fiction.

Williams defined an historical novel as one which "seeks to present an accurate and unprejudiced picture of some phase of history, but this may be merely incidental to the novel's theme . . . true history should record the changing way of life of the everyday individual." Thus, even though some of the action of "Splendor" had taken place during Williams's own lifetime, the book fitted his definition, for it told the "life story of an ordinary man" through the changing years from the Johnstown flood to the end of World War I.

Although "Splendor" outsold any of his previous books, he did not return to its standard or even its genre for many years. His next dozen books were slick romances, mysteries, and adventures turned out at an average of about two a year, this fast production dictated perhaps by the Great Depression and a writer's need for short-term gains. These were the years, Williams remembered later, when "I became over-anxious and couldn't sell all the stories I wrote." The books declined in quality and sales.

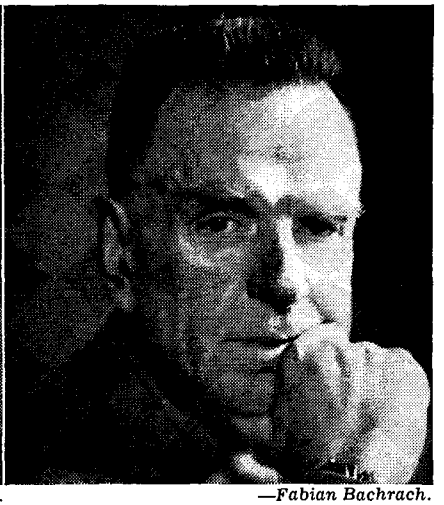
IT was at this point that Williams turned to the serious task which occupied him until his death. In thinking about the course of history he had come to believe that "even in wartime, the lives of ordinary stay-at-home people are more important to the world than the deeds of generals and statesmen." This, he said, led him "to begin at last a series of novels, each one of which would deal with life somewhere in the United States while the country was at war."

The first, published in 1939, was "Thread of Scarlet," a novel of Nantucket in the War of 1812. A better than average adventure yarn, it was not up to the level the author was seeking and later found. In the spring of 1940 was published "Come Spring," a long, detailed novel of life in a Maine frontier village at the time of the American Revolution. This completely convincing, rich book had stout fiber and displayed skilful, honest craftsmanship. Critics called it an "epic work" and "one of the truest pictures we have of pioneer life." "Come Spring" was the full realization of Williams's authentic talent for first-rate historical fiction, hitherto only suggested in previous novels.

The rest of his career, an entirely successful one of almost uniformly good books for the past thirteen years (we may simply excuse "It's a Free Country" [1945] as an author's whimsy), is known to almost every reader of popular fiction. "Strange Woman" (1941) broadened his readership. Undoubtedly the urgency of World War II led him to write "Time of Peace" (1942), a novel about American life leading up to Pearl Harbor. It was followed by "Leave Her to Heaven" (1944).

When "House Divided" was published in the fall of 1947 it was the culmination of fifteen years of study and thought and fifty-two months of gargantuan labor. With varying degrees of justification some dissidents have thought the characters wooden within a real understanding of the Civil War, others have thought the author sentimentalized slavery, and others have charged the book with lacking spontaneity. But in general it was received as an "honest, strong and 'important' novel," and it has established itself as such. With it Williams fairly achieved his aspiration. And now "The Unconquered," rounding out "House Divided," provides a fitting capstone to his professional achievement.

—Walter Bird.



—Fabian Bachrach.

Jacquetta Hawkes and Ben Ames Williams—"the present promised to mirror the past."

Archeological Fables

"A Woman As Great As the World," by Jacquetta Hawkes *(Random House. 184 pp. $2.75) is a collection of fables so timely as to be timeless, the work of an English woman scientist with uncommon literary gifts. Mr. Halle, who reviews it here, is the author of "Birds Against Men" and other studies of nature.*

By Louis J. Halle

IN THE Penguin edition of her "Prehistoric Britain" Jacquetta Hawkes tells of beginning work on that book in 1940, "when, if one listened to the intellect alone, a German victory seemed almost certain." The probability that Germanic peoples were about to repeat the prehistoric invasions of Britain touched her in a personal sense, for she was living near the ancient invasion-coast with a three-year-old son. Yet she found it "amusing to see in how many ways the present promised to mirror the past: . . . the feeling 'this has happened before' gave perspective to one's fate."

There you have Jacquetta Hawkes, a woman great enough to endure the world's violent approaches, since they are inescapable, with humor as well as regret. Not that there is anything in her present offering of fables, "A Woman As Great As the World," which you could call frivolous. Just as the humor of an invasion repeated after so many centuries belongs to tragedy, so does the humor of these fables. Aesop and La Fontaine were never more aware than she is of the darkness in which all mortal life displays its momentary brilliance. In fact, the fable as a literary form, because it takes an exclusively moral view of human society, necessarily has in it the elements of misanthropy and despair.

Aesop, La Fontaine, John Gay, and George Ade wrote fables that dealt, as fables must, with the vanities of what is called "society." So does Mrs. Hawkes; but hers is only occasionally the intimate "society" of courts or marketplaces. More often it is that "society" in which people exist as nations and have all Earth for the scene of their foibles. She has the perspective that distinguishes a century in which everyone feels crowded by events on the other side of the globe, in which invasion comes from the sky and suffering is wholesale.

It does not follow either that the subjects of these fables are particu-

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fantasized and topical—in which case they would not be fables—or that their relevance is confined largely to our own times, like some of George Orwell's tales. If they betray a dominant preoccupation it is with mortality, not only of individuals but also of civilizations—as is appropriate to a British archeologist who has worked within the shadow of a threatened invasion. One fable after another presents variations on the theme of "Paradise Lost." The symbolic setting is sometimes a walled garden, another Eden, into which disorder is introduced. In the first story of all, "The Nature of a Red Admiral," destruction is brought about by the scientific curiosity of the solitary wasps and ichneumon-flies, that impulse to analyze one's environment which, in some of its manifestations, is indistinguishable from vandalism. In "The City of Cats" a symbolic civilization falls because it has achieved perfection, but by its fall prepares the ground for a repetition of the achievement. While such stories as these have their peculiar pertinence to our times, their timeliness is so broad as to be nearly timeless. Thucydides would not have read them without understanding; and Coriolanus might have thought that "The Woodpeckers and the Starlings" had been written for him.

Many of these fables derive a delicate flavor of bitterness from disillusion with the commonplace ideals of our civilization. "The Unites"—which is by far the longest, occupying over eighty pages where the others vary from one to a dozen—depicts a featureless society in which our ideals of peace and human equality have finally been realized. "Without privilege," however, ". . . excellence was lost; the ending of all conflict diminished energy; the reduction of social opposition, of difficulty, robbed life of much of its shape, its savor." This story, however, exceeds the dimensions of fable and is, rather, an allegory, like Orwell's "Animal Farm" or the Grand Inquisitor's tale in "The Brothers Karamazov." It is somewhat spoiled at the end when Mrs. Hawkes, betraying her own role, gives an unconvincing account of mankind's post-final regeneration.

IN this instance the feminine softness of the lyric poet in Mrs. Hawkes conflicts with the intellectual hardness of the moralist. Elsewhere, however, it simply gives wings to her language and her conceptions. The water of "The Fountain," when the narrow pipe that resisted its aspiration was at last broken, "could no longer send up the lofty crystal column or let fall a crystal shower. . . ." Instead, it "welled up gently, making a little mound like a clear, trembling jelly." This is typical of the writing.

It is also typical of the morals that belong to many of the fables, not all of which represent vistas of Spenglerian history. "The Fountain," while it is as exquisite as anything that Katherine Mansfield ever wrote, is not only exquisite. It has, in addition, wisdom, thus leaving the reader with something to keep after the tale is ended. The same may be said of other fables, including that of "The Great Fish" who, by dying, became the one immortal. Others still, like that of the two frogs who committed "elopdatery" together, have a humor that represents the ultimate sophistication of the anthropologist viewing our social taboos as from another planet. (Mrs. Hawkes should look out for the hemlock cup.)

Stories with overt morals have not been well regarded in our day, but surely they remain indispensable to the cultivation of human possibilities. In this volume of fables Mrs. Hawkes performs one of the noblest and most enduring functions of literature, that of translating experience into morality.

Labor Without Sympathy

James Hilton's "Time and Time Again" *(Little, Brown. 306 pp. $3.75) pictures a British scholar and gentleman of the old school doing his best to carry on amid the murder and mayhem of the mid-twentieth century.*

By Harrison Smith

JAMES HILTON has never failed to entertain his readers, particularly those old enough to belong in that elastic period of life known as middle age, when a man prefers to be charmed by nostalgic resurrection of youth in the early years of this century rather than shocked by brutal and harsh interpretations of the present. "Time and Time Again," his latest, cannot rank with the best of his novels, but it has all of the pleasantly sentimental qualities of that lovable old schoolmaster Mr. Chips, combined with Mr. Hilton's faintly acidulous humor at the expense of the crudities of the succeeding generation.

Nevertheless, Charles Anderson of this story is a man not to be dismissed too readily as a relic of a forgotten past. He is, to use that pleasant and almost forgotten phrase, a gentleman and a scholar; not a schoolmaster in this case, but a member of the British diplomatic corps. He is also, this reader is convinced, a reflection of the author's personality. Mr. Anderson is only a year or two older than Mr. Hilton; both of them went to a lesser-known if highly respected school, were graduated from Cambridge, were members of the Cambridge University ROTC Corps in the last year of the First World War, and received a B.A. degree in History and the English Tripos (first class) from Christ's College. Indeed, Charles Anderson might have been created in the image of the author if Mr. Hilton had chosen a career in diplomacy instead of literature.

In later years Charles suffered from his resemblance to the legendary perfect English gentleman. He was uncomfortable when he did not dress for dinner. It was not so much that he had passed the age, meaning his own age, as that the postwar age had passed him. He was inevitably called by his juniors in the service "Stuffy" Anderson and for that reason and others he never attained the rank justified by his life-long service to the country. It was his duty, he thought, to be suave and impeccably dressed. "Perhaps," writes Mr. Hilton, "he had been just too amusing, too witty, or that he had been to Brookfield instead of Eton."

The novel actually begins when Charles, fifty-three and as well groomed and as suave as ever, takes his seventeen-year-old son out to dinner in an elegant Paris restaurant and there discovers that the boy was not planning to leave on the night train to London as he had supposed, but counting upon meeting a woman fifteen years his senior. He rescued him from this dilemma as his own father, years before in a more violent manner, had saved his diplomatic

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the girl he had seduced.

His meeting with his son turns his mind back to the past. He is able for the first time to view his life as an accomplished fact, as if he was discussing with an old friend the minor victories of his profession and his failure to establish a more enduring reputation than a medal and a citation on the honors list. At the end he enjoyed a minor but resounding triumph when his old and bitter Communist rival in several conferences surrenders himself to Charles rather than to the head of the British Diplomatic Service in order to escape liquidation by his superiors in Moscow. Mr. Hilton provides the necessary happy ending for readers concerned with the future of this clever and somewhat ambiguous man by suggesting that he will marry the woman with whom his son was enamored.

The novel is disciplined and deliberately nostalgic, revealing the pattern of existence for the talented Englishman of good family, repeated time after time until two world wars and a depression smashed it perhaps forever. It is written with subtlety and humor and the good taste that forbids mentioning the cruder aspects of life. "I cannot imagine myself dynamiting trains," Charles said to his old enemy whose early life had been spent in mayhem and murder in Russia. Happiness for Charles was a state of achievement; he could not pursue it or find it in moments of exaltation and ecstasy.

Fiction Notes

MYSTERY EN ROUTE TO BORNEO: Mark Derby's third novel, **"The Big Water"** (Viking Press, $3), begins quite suddenly—in a Penang hospital where a thoroughly desperate and dying man compels Rosanna Brown, a thoroughly sufficient and beautiful consular assistant, to undertake the delivery of a roll of film about which she knows nothing except that it may mean the history of the world to a Major Lansdowne in Singapore. This, it develops, is indeed a matter of much life and many deaths. Major Lansdowne must be followed upriver to Borneo—by steamer to Kalindang, by native boat to Baragit—in a rapidly growing company. This includes: Ngadan, the Dyak headhunter who is Rosanna's honorary father; Birdie O'Sullivan, Singapore's "sixtyish, exotic firebird"; Jaresh, whose sinister whisper has come from a concentration camp injury; Weinholt Fox, an American reporter risking his wife's worthwhile

(*Continued on page* 37)

NEW EDITIONS

Scholarship in the Ring

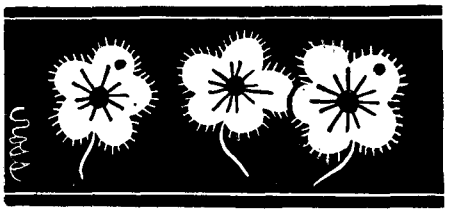
THOMAS FULLER's "The Worthies of England" is a title with which to conjure. Ever since Anthony à Wood started stealing from it, for his *Athenae Oxonienses*, it has been a well-worked mine of biographical, historical, topographical, and social information regarding pre-Restoration England. It has, too, been the delight of at least a small company of judicious readers in many generations. But it has also been long out of print; so it is good news, indeed, that John Freeman has prepared an admirable, somewhat abridged edition of Fuller's massive work, with introduction and notes (Macmillan, $9.50).

This first English dictionary of national biography—a one-man job that would now call for a regiment of collaborators—will surely never be surpassed in readability. Fuller's language is racy, pithy, vigorous, picturesque. He is a master of brevity—"He lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it," he says of Drake. He is a master of balanced phrases—"He left learning where he found ignorance; justice where he found oppression; peace where he found distraction," he writes of King Alfred. He is a master of striking images—"Scotland was his castle, from the top whereof he took the true prospect of our English affairs," he writes of General Monk. He breathes out wit as other men breathe out air, even in the gravest contexts, as when he tells us that Pope Adrian IV was choked to death by "a fly, which in the large territory of St. Peter's patrimony had no place but his throat to get into." He thinks in aphorisms and speaks in maxims—"Malice knoweth no other heaven than to do mischief to others, though thereby no good to itself."—"odds at any time may be bet on the side of treachery against valour." He is a storehouse of miscellaneous facts in which we may learn, among a multitude of other things, that "it was the arm, not of King Henry, but of King Edward the First, which is notoriously known to have been the adequation of a yard"; why it was once usual to refer to a cloak that had been turned as having been "Perned"; just how important the cap-making industry was in Elizabethan England; and the useful rule that "an hog-back and little head is a sign that any fish is in season." In short, the great Tom Fuller is just as delightful today as Lamb and Coleridge found him to be; and his reputation as a writer of English prose has not yet climbed as high as his true stature.

G. G. Coulton's "Art and the Reformation" (Cambridge, $10), first published in 1928, is a fascinating work of fighting scholarship, largely devoted to proving that the relationship between medieval religion and architecture was one of parallel development rather than one of cause and effect, and to demonstrating that Montalembert has misled generations of art-historians into believing that the contribution of monastic workman-builders and artists to medieval architecture and its allied arts was far greater than it really was. The late, great medievalist digs deep for his facts and argues fiercely; and, in an appendix, he takes apart Cram's "The Gothic Quest" with all the speed and skill of an expert *maitre d'hotel* carving duck.

FROM Knopf come new editions of three valuable histories—Sir Bernard Pares's "A History of Russia" ($7.50); Abram Leon Sachar's "A History of the Jews" ($5); and "A History of the South" ($7.50), by Francis Butler Simkins. Sir Bernard's fine history is the work of a man who spent his life perfecting his knowledge of all things Russian; who believed that the Western world's ignorance of Russia is even more dangerous than the designs of Communistic imperialism. This new edition contains a remarkably attractive introduction by the author's son. Dr. Sachar's highly esteemed book, which may be read as much for pleasure as for information, has been revised to bring Israel's story down to the present year; and it could hardly be improved, except by a good map of Palestine and a few approximate dates in the early part of the narrative. Professor Simkins writes of the South with profound knowledge, of the Negro with understanding and tenderness, and of the Northern Radicals and Black Reconstruction with a dispassion that is almost incredible.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.



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The Saturday Review

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A Moment in Time

IN THEIR absorption and involvement with the present and the year ofter tomorrow Americans are in danger of losing their sense of perspective, as if they were a species of men born for the crises of the moment and advancing toward some undiscoverable, brief, and dark future. It is reflected in the articles in our popular magazines where we are given the latest news the airplane can bring of what is going on in Kenya, Indo-China, or East Berlin, in the world medley provided by weekly journals of opinion, and in countless books which always seem to be so authoritative that we forget that the writer held completely divergent theories ten years ago. With the exception of the fiction writers who are busily building space ships and creating the new kind of American male whose internal organs will have the elasticity to man them, the future appears to be limited to the remainder of this particular decade of the twentieth century. We are told that by the year 1960 Russia will be able to destroy us with the H-bomb and poison us with bacteria. After that the deluge!

We are forgetting the continuity of American history that has brought us where we are, toward what may be the relentless and steadily increasing force that we must now shape and build if the world of men is to be saved from destruction. It will be impossible to do so if we attempt to live on the brittle edge of a moment in time.

This attitude toward time is responsible to a great extent for the inadequacy of the authors of our creative contemporary literature with its neurotic and bloodless characters who have no consciousness of the richness and the meaning of life, who have forgotten the very names and the careers of their ancestors, and who only know that their fathers and mothers spoiled them or drove them to the verge of homosexuality or insanity. These novelists and playrights are not true realists; they are perverted romanticists or uninspired photographers of the unhappy lives they choose to portray. They lack the exaltation of mood that alone can bring forth an enduring piece of literature, though they reflect the temper of the times in which only the present can exist. In an essay of Donald Adams there is a quotation from a letter of Sean O'Faolain that is worth repeating: "One wishes that literature could learn again from Greek tragedy that exaltation of mood in which the merely familiar drops away completely and the characters achieve a certain timelessness that, like a piece of headless sculpture or formal pious picture, holds one as a symbol of the devout . . . All art is constantly striving backward out of the tangle of its own sophistication to a dignity that depends largely on the oneness of man."

AMERICAN literature was born in that exaltation, and it once possessed a sense of the unity of man and the conflict of good and evil in which evil need not always triumph. It was not borrowed from Europe. It came out of our own soil and from the men and women whose immediate ancestors had come to this country for all of the reasons for which our millions of immigrants crossed the oceans, in spite of D. H. Lawrence's dictum that the spiritual home of Americans was and still is Europe. They wished to be men without a master, whether of church or state, factory or farm. They had a passion for freedom and for the hard life they would lead. That passion—and the spiritual conflicts it produced — still exists and is still worth writing about. You will find it in Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," which D. H. Lawrence in his "Studies of Classical American Literature" calls a sort of parable, an earthly story with a hellish meaning. You will find it in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," in Melville's "Omoo" and "Typee," and especially in "Moby Dick," one of the strangest and most wonderful books in the world. To quote Lawrence again, "It is an epic of the sea which no man has equaled, a book of esoteric symbolism of profound significance, and of considerable tiresomeness." You will find it in Walt Whitman and Emerson and Thoreau and in many an earlier writer.

It is time that we should discover again why we are here, what kind of men and women were our ancestors, and what faith they had in their own futures and in the destiny of the United States. They looked ahead with confidence into future generations of their descendants. We must do the same, and rid ourselves both of our "tangle of sophistication" and our fears. For those of us who since they left college may not have opened the American books of a past century it would be an excellent and encouraging exercise to read them again and then read D. H. Lawrence's "Studies in Classic American Literature," published thirty years ago, for he feared, hated, and loved this country, and his critical essays reflect the arguments that have continued for and against our survival since the days of the Revolution. —H. S.

Standing Under Stars

By Carleton Drewry

COME out, and stand, and mark
Night's whole light-spangled wheel.
Alone, from out earth's dark
Look, let your eyes reveal

The void, the vast distress
That is yourself. This small
Glance from your littleness
Is everything, is all.

Stay on awhile, and watch
With more than eyes, with mind:
The striking of one match
Will make the sky go blind.

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THE WYLIE LETTER

PHILIP WYLIE would be well advised to abstain from expressing his views publicly when his misanthrophy and adolescent debunkery cast as much discredit upon himself as did his recent letter on Albert Schweitzer's views and personality [*SR* July 18].

MARJORIE A. CRON.

Madison, Wis.

SNAPPING TERRIER?

. . . MR. WYLIE is just another of the millions of "angry men" with a very limited mentality who, in an effort to "be contemporary," obviously has learned nothing from life. How he can presume to criticize a man of Dr. Schweitzer's stature is beyond my comprehension. He reminds me of a bad-tempered terrier snapping at the heels of a giant.

JOYCE PESTERRE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

HIT HARD

. . . MR. WYLIE'S harsh language about Schweitzer, the modern saint, indicates that he was hit—rather hard—in a particularly sore spot by Dr. Schweitzer's essay.

ARNE UNHJEM.

Roxbury, Mass.

SCHWEITZER AND EINSTEIN

. . . IT IS DEFINITELY not too late for "more mysticism," and the man in the street should accept the evidence of an Albert Schweitzer as well as that of an Albert Einstein.

ISABEL G. MALONE.

Coraopolis, Pa.

RESPONSE TO CRITICS

MY COMMENT on the means used by Schweitzer to arrive at "ethics" was, of course, intended to bring some thought to a far more important matter. These United States, conceived in liberty and dedicated to truth, are being assailed by the idea of Communism and its adherents.

This is frightening. It will grow more frightening until the simple, physical menace to annihilation ends and men are again free to communicate. I do not believe (to paraphrase Lincoln) the world can live half free and half slave. I have felt sure for nearly twenty years that the slave half of the world unswervingly intends to wreck our portion by whatever means may prove effective.

In this conflict of beliefs we have two weapons: truth, freedom. Their use is the announced "strategy" of our Government. It is also the heart of the teaching of Jesus, who admonished all to know the truth for the magnificent purpose of becoming free. In my humble, if vehement, way, I have always tried to follow that precept and it has never let me down.

Unfortunately, when men are so afraid of reality they cannot muster the nerve to face it and to act upon it they turn their fear into wrath and attack lesser menaces or imaginary evils. This is hysteria or panic and has swept up billions in crises less perilous than the present one.

Today many devout and sincere people are doing that. Freedom has become so dangerous to defend that they would discard it, along with any kind of truth that does not match their own formula for evading reality. These are the people who insist we must all believe as they do, exactly, or be damned. These are the people who demand conformity, who resist anything they regard as "controversial"; among them are the many who, today, insist that what they call Godliness is one with Americanism.

Only their panickiness keeps them from seeing what they do. For, suppose they succeed? The next question, then, in a nation of compulsory Believers would have to be, Whose God is *the* God? Then every sect would turn on every other and we'd be back in the days of Inquisition, of Luther, and before. Freedom means freedom *from* clerical compulsiveness as much as it means ecclesiastical opportunity. It must, since "God" is the most controversial word in human speech, the one over which most wars have been fought, the word that has led to every conflict of the conscience of the mind.

That is why we have so immensely profited by our religious liberty. That is why, should it be altered to a national compulsion, the equally dogmatic Communists could rock the Kremlin with ironic mirth while we, in a mistaken effort to beget solidarity, would wreck our nation.

In Schweitzer I felt that compulsiveness, that insistence on mysticism, that insolence toward the truth we know and live by all day long: the incontestable truths of science. I am a minister's son. I, too, once held a dogmatic and intolerant faith. I lived among ministers and missionaries. I honor many. But I do not believe the many who would have liked to take away the freedom of my mind and to obliterate what I came to regard as true had any real understanding of Jesus.

An ethical system, that is, which cannot be accepted by every sort of person is inadequate. It is a time for goodness—always. It is a time now for intellectual guts, besides. The subjective scientists, the psychologists, have learned a great lot of truth about us all that Schweitzer does not know and many of his adherents imagine they are able to refute out of ignorance.

My demurrer was intended to keep clear the track for truth and freedom, all truth, every freedom in the mind's scope—a gesture I regard as germane to any real American and his duty whenever the way is fogged by the fearful or diverted by the unaware.

Each riposte to my demurrer was, not surprisingly, an attack on me in person. Every claim brought against me was invented by the letter writer, and demonstrably untrue. However, in constantly assaulting compulsive or ritualistic thought I do sometimes feel, as one person wrote, like a terrier barking at a giant or (as another said) a monkey assailing an elephant. But I keep my hope for truth and freedom high by remembering David and Goliath.

PHILIP WYLIE.

Baltimore, Md.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"My trouble is I'm 40,000 years ahead of my time."

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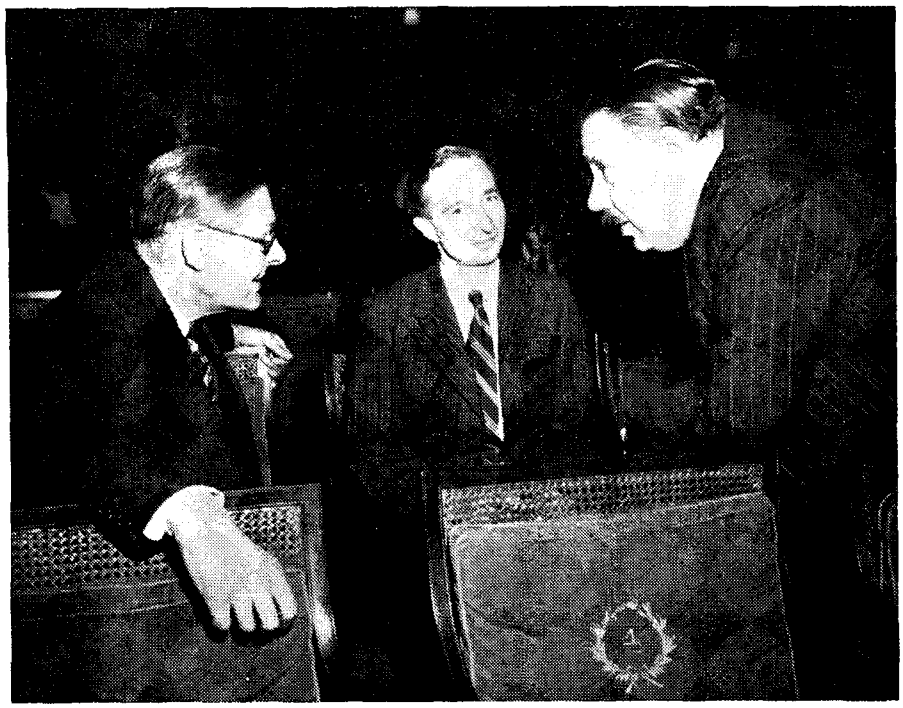
T. S. Eliot—Confidential Playwright



T. S. Eliot, Martin Browne, and Henry Sherek—"a state of adequacy."

LONDON.

T. S. ELIOT, whose unquestioned merit as a poet, playwright, and essayist has been officially recognized by Her Majesty with an O. M. (Order of Merit), is this week unveiling his fourth full-length play in eighteen years. Titled "The Confidential Clerk," it opens at the Edinburgh Festival, moves on to Newcastle, and finally arrives in London in mid-September. A fortnight before embarking for Caledonia the distinguished writer granted me an hour-and-a-half interview—an extremely thoughtful dispensation, for in addition to the normal stress that every playwright must face in the crucial rehearsal period Mr. Eliot was continuing to punch the clock three days a week at the publishing offices of Faber and Faber, Ltd.

"Now let's see," he began, shoving his hands deep in his pockets and bowing his head a bit, "I mustn't say too much about this play, as I want the audience to make up its own mind. If I say I intended such-and-such, then people will feel they have to find just that in it. But, really, if a play is any good it ought to have a great deal in it that its author doesn't completely understand."

Although "The Confidential Clerk"'s director, Martin Browne, has publicly announced that the play is "a modern comedy lighter in tone than any of his previous plays," the playwright even refuses to define it as either comedy or tragedy. "Since no one is murdered or dies violently in 'The Confidential Clerk,' I am letting the audience call it what they like. It can be regarded as either."

On this subject Mr. Eliot, who regards himself as neither a pessimist nor an optimist, maintains that his "Murder in the Cathedral" (1935) is a comedy; "The Family Reunion" (1939) neither, due to his own error in construction which came about when he concluded with the tragic death of one character but indicated at the same time an indefinite progress of the hero; and "The Cocktail Party" (1949) a comedy, because the heroine, Celia, dies heroically in the service of something. "There is no feeling of waste with Celia, and you must always have waste in a tragedy. A real tragic character is capable of a successful life in the best sense, but misses it when fortune smacks him in the face."

While the playwright refuses to label his new play, he does say that it is the same general type as "The Cocktail Party," but with two improvements. "In 'The Cocktail Party' only four of the seven characters are characters in the true sense. The psychiatrist and his two assistants are outside the action of the play. They interfere, but there is no character development in these three. They just perform a job. I think that the audiences may have been mystified by this. So, in 'The Confidential Clerk' all seven in the cast are characters in their own right with none being outside the action."

THE second change is an even more important one. Readers may remember that many of the critics complained that the last act of "The Cocktail Party" was not a true last act but an epilogue. "It was a necessary epilogue, but these critics were right in the sense that the dramatic action was all over," admits the bespectacled poet ungrudgingly. "In my new play I've tried to keep things happening right up to the end."

In addition, there is no drinking and no psychiatry in "The Confidential Clerk." "To tell you the truth I think the psychiatry had a lot to do with the success of 'The Cocktail Party.' It made it very fashionable."

The plot of the new play—and Mr. Eliot is a bit reluctant to reveal too much of it—begins with a rich English financier, Sir Claude Mulhammer, who, in choosing a new clerk to succeed his old confidential clerk who is retiring, selects a young man he believes to be his own illegitimate son. Sir Claude's wife, who does not know this chapter of her husband's past, had before her own marriage a child of her own and she comes to the conclusion that the new clerk is *her* missing illegitimate son. The situation is further complicated by the introduction of a young woman who turns out to be Sir Claude's illegitimate daughter.

Although these plot outlines suggest that the play was inspired by Euripedes's "Ion," Mr. Eliot won't commit himself definitely on the point. All he will say is: "The idea for all this came to me out of a classical story, just as 'The Cocktail Party' started out with my wondering about 'Alcestis.' I was interested in what happened at the point Euripides leaves off. What was it going to be like when the wife is brought back from the dead? After all, it isn't the same as losing her on a shopping expedition. Then I added Reilly to get Heracles in the triangle. And after that the other characters developed. Celia, at first, was brought in just to throw light on the relationship between the man and his wife,

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portant."

In an excellent lecture, "Poetry and Drama," published by the Harvard University Press two years ago, Mr. Eliot pointed out that none of the dramatic critics had recognized "Alcestis" as the source of "The Cocktail Party." He explains, "I wasn't trying to be smart-alecky and suggest that the dramatic critics were damn fools not to notice the parallel. After all, it's the dramatic critic's business to say if a play is good theatre, and not to record these other things. I was merely amused that the people who came along afterwards with months to study the play and who found all sorts of hidden meanings that I never dreamt of in it didn't come across the one thing that actually stimulated me into writing 'The Cocktail Party'."

MR. ELIOT is not disclosing the source of "The Confidential Clerk" for a good reason. "Why I don't let this very small cat out of the bag," he says, "is that if you say that such-and-such a parallel exists it will lead people up the garden path." What the poet means is that playwriting should not be like watchmaking, where you follow a carefully worked out procedure of fitting pieces together. "Whatever the source," he goes on, "the author should let the play grow inside him. In that way he puts some not completely understood parts of himself into the play." This theory also applies to character-drawing and leads to Mr. Eliot's assertion that "to make a character alive there ought to be more in him than can be contained in the author's analysis of him."

Attempting to make "The Confidential Clerk" alive, Mr. Eliot avoided starting with an ethical problem and giving it a setting. Rather he began with a serious situation, namely that of a young clerk who finds that being claimed by two different sets of parents is more embarrassing than being claimed by none. With this the author felt he could explore the fundamental truth of parent-child relationships. "I was more concerned with getting the reactions of the people to each other right than I was with the deductions to be drawn from these reactions," he says with a degree of earnestness that belies any criticism of over-intellectualism that might be lodged against him.

If the poet does have a private temptation that he indulges, it is in the matter of selecting names for his characters. He is a great admirer of Conan Doyle, Sir Walter Scott, and Dickens for their skill in this respect, and very disappointed in Henry James for his often coming up with surprisingly poor cognomens. "I name my characters right after I have written the first description of them. I try to let a name come to mind that will fit the character without being able to give a reason for it. But it's damn hard to invent names that don't exist. In 'The Cocktail Party' I thought I had an original name in MacColgie Gibbs, but one of these people who are always analyzing my work discovered that Gibbs is an English toothpaste and Colgate an American one. In 'The Confidential Clerk' I thought up an original name for one of the characters, a man whom I called Kaghan. A year later I picked up a newspaper to find that Mr. Kaghan is one of those unfortunate officials being investigated by Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine." Incidentally, Mr. Eliot as a former American citizen feels no sense of disgrace about the Cohn-Schine affair. "It would be silly to identify a few low-comic figures with a whole nation," he states.

As for the verse technique in "The Confidential Clerk," it is approximately the same as "The Cocktail Party." That is an attempt to find a rhythm close to contemporary speech with the stresses where we would naturally put them. To do this the poet uses a varying length of line with a varying number of syllables and a series of irregular stresses. This doesn't affect the rhythm any more than it does in music where the composer can vary the number and length of notes within any one bar. Mr. Eliot's unrhymed lines are characterized by a caesura and three stresses, one stress on one side of a caesura

---

When Shall We Meet

By Dale Young Groves

IF YOU are coming down by the coast,
By the water-worried coast
And up the river to Canton,
Send word to me
And I shall come to meet you.

The gulls fly inland with the ragged clouds;
Pagodas rise above the blooming apricot trees,
(Which look like frightened fans
With the storm-wind roaring in their tops).
Dark grows the sky
But when you send word
I shall come to meet you.

If you do not come to Canton,
When shall we meet?

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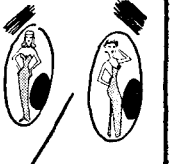
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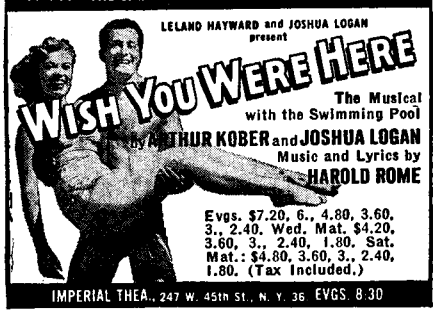
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and two on the other. "Auden says I have four stresses and he may be right. All I know is that when a line sounds wrong to me, which is the only time I think about the meter, I go back and use the three-stress test." At this point Mr. Eliot took a brief caesura to fill and light what appeared to be a well-used corncob pipe.

"THIS kind of verse is damned difficult for the actor," he continued, "because he has to study each line by itself. He cannot speak the verse as if it were prose, and he must not let the rhythm lead him into speaking it monotonously." Fortunately, the producer, Henry Sherek, has signed a cast that includes such experienced performers as Denholm Elliott, Alan Webb, Isabel Jeans, Margaret Leighton, Paul Rogers, Alison Leggatt, and Peter Jones, and the playwright seemed quite happy about the way rehearsals were progressing.

He is also happy about resuming his collaboration with Martin Browne, who as a director has stimulated much of the rewriting that has been done on the script. "You know, when I write a play now I write a first draft with the main objective of merely completing it. Then I find that I have to do most of my rewriting on my first act. You can't really know what the beginning should be like until you get to the end. If your third act is good you have a standpoint from which to review the rest of the play. But a good first act sometimes makes it more difficult to write a good second and third act. I found that out with 'The Family Reunion.' It's the same with criticism, I think. When I first started writing reviews Desmond MacCarthy told me that when he finished a review he usually went back and found he didn't need the first paragraph. I've found that to be generally true too. The first paragraph is just for the purpose of getting yourself warmed up."

Another weakness that Mr. Eliot finds in his first drafts is a tendency to write too many dialogues and to make too many scenes. "Originally the first act of 'The Confidential Clerk' was in three scenes, and Martin Browne asked me to cut it down. So I sacrificed some amusing but superfluous passages and removed a lot of inessential background material in an effort to concentrate the play a little more—the way that Ibsen used to do so well. With great labor I put it all in two scenes, but neither of us was satisfied with the result. I had arrived at that moment of despair when I thought I just couldn't do anything more to it. But of course you aways can do more, and I eventually was able to get Act I into its present single scene."

However, the rewriting did not stop with the final draft. "When you hear the actors start speaking your lines things come to light that you hadn't realized. Something that is self-evident to the author may not be to other people. Sometimes you find that one phase of a scene is too long or too short in relation to the whole and you have to cut down in one place and expand in another. So far in 'The Confidential Clerk' most of the changes have been mechanical ones, such as changing the means whereby one character becomes aware of another who is approaching."

While Mr. Eliot has no false modesty and obviously believes he is a pretty good poet, it should be evident from the above that he has the good human judgment to enter the theatre with the humility that can come only from knowing what it is to master a craft. As he says, "The poet has a hell of a lot to learn in the theatre. You can't get along with good verse and bad theatrical technique." Since "The Cocktail Party" brought him a reported $150,000 in royalties, we can possibly assume that his theatrical technique is fast approaching a state of adequacy. —HENRY HEWES.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 532

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 532 will be found in the next issue.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 531

Society is fundamental, and it is an essential condition for self-consciousness and personality.

—RUFUS M. JONES.

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Less Than a Million

IF I COULD run the advertising campaign on my favorite pictures these days, I think I'd try a series of three-sheets reading: "Costs *Less* than $2,000,000," "Definitely *Not* 3-D," "See It on the *Old* Aspect Ratio." Such catch-phrases as these, of course, can be used only on pictures that have a good strong story, a fresh approach, interesting photography. Like the critics keep saying about the multi-dimensional films, take away the novelty and what have you?

But I am loath to believe that a picture costing over a million is intrinsically better than one that has been brought in for considerably less, or that a new dimension or a new screen size improves a picture *per se*. In fact, my ad campaign would be built upon the premise that enough people have already discovered these facts for themselves to make the switch profitable. As current candidates for this new type of build-up let me cite a couple of pictures that have just come along.

First, there's **"Big Leaguer"** (M-G-M), a modest enough entry neatly timed to coincide with the approaching climax of the baseball season. Unlike most baseball films, however, which generally trace the career of some famous pitcher in terms almost identical with the standard film biography of any composer or opera star (see below), "Big Leaguer" describes the operation of the rookie training camp that the New York Giants maintain down in Melbourne, Fla. There each year some two hundred kids, chosen from high-school and sandlot teams across the country, are given their chance to try out for the big leagues under the watchful eye of Hans Lobert, a former Giant third-baseman. They come from all races, all creeds, all backgrounds; and the only consideration is, how good are they? What kind of ballplayers will they make? There is a rigorous winnowing-out process, but the survivors all receive posts in the minor leagues, their first step toward the big time.

The film itself, made in Melbourne with the cooperation of the Giants and under the supervision of Lobert, is almost a documentary on this annual activity. True, it's an enacted documentary—the leads are played by young Hollywood actors, while Edward G. Robinson gives a warm, winning performance as Hans Lobert.

There is even a slight story, a romance between Vera Ellen, Lobert's niece (for film purposes), and a sturdy young Pole who must choose between baseball and college. But the accent falls, quite properly, on the game itself, and why it has become an American institution. Based on a story by John McNulty and Louis Morheim, it stresses that the heart of baseball is to be found, not in Yankee Stadium during a World Series play-off, but in the schoolyards and sandlots where kids discover the meaning of sportsmanship, teamwork, and loyalty. Such baseball notables as Carl Hubbell and Al Campanis, by their presence, add a further touch of authenticity to the picture—and some welcome moments of baseball humor.

* * *

"Dangerous Crossing" (Twentieth Century-Fox) is another neat, unpretentious job of film-making. Apparently the canny Fox executives, with all the expensive shipboard sets from "Titanic" lying around, sought out a story they could stage with a minimum of new construction. The prolific John Dickson Carr supplied just the right answer with a mystery yarn, originally a radio play, about a young girl whose husband inexplicably vanishes at the very outset of their honeymoon cruise. No one has seen him; no one will even believe he exists. The girl becomes increasingly frantic until the ship's doctor begins to suspect that there is something more to her hysteria than just nerves, something sinister.

The story, tautly handled by director Joseph Newman, breaks the rules of top mystery writing by shifting its point of view away from the girl's stream of consciousness just as the climax comes on; but there are fine, jumpy moments as figures emerge and disappear suddenly on fog-bound decks, and all the familiar sights and sounds of a ship at sea become faintly tinged with menace. Jeanne Crain and Michael Rennie star as the distraught heroine and the sympathetic doctor, while Willis Bouchey does an especially good job as the ship's captain, much too busy running his ship to have much patience with his doctor's high-falutin' psychiatric theories.

Chances are that both of these will come to you on the second half of a double bill. Their budgets, their unpretentious themes, the absence of exploitable glamour dictate that spot almost automatically.

* * *

"So This Is Love" (Warner Bros.) is just as surely destined for the top billings. Why? Because, whatever else it lacks, it has what the trade knowingly refers to as "production values." Freely adapted

—*From "Big Leaguer."*

Edward G. Robinson displays resentment when a near-beanball slides by him.

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"You're Only Human Once," it has a great assortment of musical numbers—religious, operatic, and popular. Its cast includes, in replica, such ritzy names as Mary Garden, John McCormack, Otto Kahn, Gatti-Casazza, and George Gershwin. The Szonys, a currently popular nightclub team, are also on hand with one of their determined adagios. All of this is designed to make the film look expensive, important. Basically, however, it is Hollywood's standard story of a singer's rise to fame, and the subsequent discovery that love and a career don't mix. "A man can't fight a dream," Miss Moore's disillusioned fiancé is made to say at one point. As biography it offers the news that Miss Moore introduced "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate," scrambles its chronology hopelessly, while Kathryn Grayson does little beyond donning blond curls to impersonate the late diva. Her voice is piercing and metallic, her manner arch and simpery.

—Arthur Knight.

SR Recommends

The Cruel Sea: A very smooth, very tight, very moving British staging of the Monsarrat novel about a sub-chaser and its war. (*SR* Aug. 22)

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The Juggler: A wanderer's struggle to fit into the alien homeland of Israel; title role superbly acted by Kirk Douglas. (*SR* May 9.)

Man on a Tightrope: A tense chronicle, scripted by Robert E. Sherwood, of the escape of a Czech circus troupe from Iron-Curtainland. (*SR* May 30.)

Shane: Another superior Western, with screenplay by A. B. Guthie, Jr., a rewarding performance by Alan Ladd, and magnificent scenery by Technicolor. (*SR* May 2.)

Lili: Waif Leslie Caron takes up with some French carnival puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)

Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

End of a Hot Summer

DURING the past couple of months I have become a reservoir for dozens of scripts proclaiming to be new ideas for television shows. They have been written and mailed to me not by professional writers, but by the "I've-been-watching - television - for - some - time - now - and - if - they - can - get - away - with - stuff - like - that - there - must - be - a- market - for - my - script - and - could - you - tell - me - what - to - do - with - it" writer.

I could.

I realize this has been an unusually uncomfortable summer with a hot sun beating relentlessly down on so many heads, but even so this sudden mass migration to television writing is as frightening as it is futile.

Frightening, because if the word gets around how simple it is to turn out a television script it's easy to imagine what will happen to the salaries of the professional writers who have been getting away with stuff like that and who have convinced the networks that theirs is a special genius bestowed upon a blessed few and worth thousands of dollars a week. Nothing personal—I'll be in line shortly for social security.

Futile, because the collective motive of these embryonic Horton Footes and Hal Blocks is not to raise the level of television entertainment but rather an embittered desire to get in on a soft racket which pays off handsomely for stuff like that and which, their accompanying letters assure me, they can turn out without even thinking. And enclosed please find ample proof.

For the most part these scripts are written by what are known as "promising" young writers. They outline the basic idea for a contemplated weekly half-hour comedy series describing the characters and the setting, and then they promise sheer delight in the episodes to come.

There is an occupational bit of comic byplay among professional writers who when they meet in conference to create a new idea for a television show always start off with, "How about making it a theatrical boarding-house where anything can happen and usually does?" Which gives another writer an idea. "How about making it a ten-family apartment house where anything can happen and usually does?" Which suggests to another writer: "How about a trailer going cross country w.a.c.h.a.u.d.?"

Variations on this theme appear in the scripts which have been sent me.

"The scene," writes one promising writer, "is a small resort hotel run by a very attractive young widow with three small children. Since every week different characters come to visit her hotel the opportunities are unlimited."

Not with three small children hanging around.

"Every program will take place on a showboat," writes a promising Edna Ferber. "And every week the showboat comes to a different town. What happens to the actors on the showboat each week can be dramatic or farcical depending on the town."

She has this idea copyrighted, so lay off.

MOST of my promising writers have chosen the easiest kind of writing—comedy. Because, as one contributor so correctly put it, "All it takes is a sense of humor." And her friends can vouch that she certainly has that. And a gentleman outlining a script for a domestic-comedy series promises that it will be a cinch for him to supply a weekly output of episodes because his wife is dumber than Gracie Allen.

Only one writer admitted to being merely a gag man. It seems he has been saying all these hilarious things around the office for years so he finally decided to get down to business. He had written five thousand gags and would I give him fifteen minutes to read them to me. (To listen to five thousand gags, allowing myself time out for spread—laughs and applause—would take a full day.

Yes, it has been a very hot summer. But not an unprofitable one. I have a collection of scripts for television, jokes for radio, even a recording of a song which needs only a set of lyrics to make it a juke-box hit, and a set of lyrics which needs only some music, a play for the theatre, and yes, something came in last week for color television.

"This weekly series," writes a man from Florida, "takes place in a nightclub run by gangsters. It's called the Rainbow Room."

—Goodman Ace.

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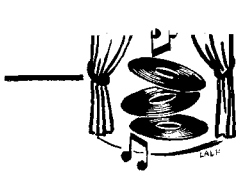

Yesterday in Salzburg—"Tomorrow" in Munich

SALZBURG.

SALZBURG as a musical center is a lovely legend kept alive by those who cherish it for what it was. That could mean either its luster as the birthplace of Mozart or, in a more contemporary sense, as the scene of some unforgettable performances pitched to a standard of perfection. There has long been a suspicion that Salzburg will not produce another Mozart; one wonders, in view of some recent experiences, whether the likelihood of re-establishing the standards of the late Twenties and early Thirties is not quite as remote.

One finds a certain consciousness of old-time standards in the organization of this year's festival, but also a large disposition to compromise and concession. We all know about the worldwide poverty in fine opera singers; but does this justify the use of a German text for "Figaro" in the very town that produced the genius who labored to produce the kind of music suitable to the Italian original? Or indulgence for the lamest kind of "Figaro" imaginable and a "Don Giovanni" strung out to unheavenly lengths? The official reason for the German "Figaro" is the cast of Paul Schoeffler, Erich Kunz, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Irmgard Seefried, and Hilde Gueden, whose Italian, we are informed, is too inept. However, no one can cite a justification for the nonvolatile conducting, even if the name to which it is attributed is Wilhelm Furtwängler's.

The nature of this phenomenon invites more than passing attention: for the Vienna Philharmonic produces a consistently superb sound for Furtwängler; the musical detail could only be produced by ardent and intensive rehearsal; the blend of voices —especially in "Don Giovanni"—was often exceptional. One could only conclude that the lack of animation, drama, or mere forward motion was related to some physical factors that made Furtwängler believe the music was going faster than it was. However, the plain evidence is that the legend is more powerful than the reality, for Furtwängler was bravoed for everything he did.

Both works were staged by Herbert Graf, the "Figaro" very much as it is seen at the Metropolitan—acceptable there, but a little dull and routinized for Salzburg. "Don Giovanni" is given in the outdoor amphitheatre known as the Felsenreitschule. This involves the use of a stage area several hundred feet wide, but very shallow. Planted in full view from start to finish are skeleton buildings to suggest the residences of Donna Anna, Elvira, and the Don. In these big divisions the action is believable enough; but when it comes down to swifter transitions and smaller details of action it has to be a compromise—and it is. However, it was good to see that Graf does not endorse here the clowning that has sometimes been perpetrated over his name at the Metropolitan.

Cesare Siepi (who could sing a fine Italian Figaro if the management asked) has improved his Don substantially since it was seen in New York last winter. He has progressed from high school to college in the arts of amour, and may confidently be expected to achieve post-graduate status eventually. He hasn't found a way yet of always keeping his heavy voice as pliant as it should, but that too shows progress. Perhaps a conductor with a more spirited concept of "Don Giovanni" than Furtwängler would have made a difference, also.

Quite the best singing heard in Salzburg—or anywhere in Europe lately—was Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's excellent Elvira. This is perhaps the most difficult of all of Mozart's female roles to cast successfully, but Miss Schwarzkopf has both the impact and the finesse the part requires, plus a flourish of bravura that enables her to sing the oft-omitted "Mi tradì" with style and assurance. The result, unfortunately, was to dwarf the neat but diminutive Donna Anna of Elisabeth Grümmer, a conscientious singer whose middle range is much superior to the top. Otherwise there was charming voice and little dramatic illusion from Erna Berger as Zerlina, a rather nondescript Leporello by Otto Edelmann, and a peculiarly variable Ottavio by Anton Dermota.

Salzburg's frame for "Der Rosenkavalier" is still the famous original set designed by Alfred Roller forty years ago, and the action is equally true to tradition. Clemens Krauss conducts, as he did when I heard the work here twenty years ago, and the Vienna Philharmonic plays the score Octavian and Hilde Gueden's Sophie are sufficiently dimensional to suit the frame, but Maria Reining is a pale personality for the Marschallin—though she acts well enough and sings the music cleanly—and even those loyal to the Salzburg effort complained of the heavy, Germanic character of Kurt Böhme's Ochs.

Over in Munich the Mozart can be an even more doleful "Figaro" (also in German, with the veteran Willy Domgraf-Fassbender still singing Figaro, Hans Hotter as a Wotanish Almaviva, and Hertha Tröpper promising well for the future as Cherubino). However, there was a well-organized "Arabella" with Della Casa as Arabella and the attractive Gerda Sommerschuh as her pantalooned sister, Zdenka. The plan to make Munich a permanent exhibition place for the Strauss literature obviously promises more than a concentration on Mozart would.

THE DYNAMIC quality of Munich's musical life is best exemplified by Carl Orff, a Bavarian turned fifty in 1945, whose work is still to be heard in America. However, if Dimitri Mitropoulos's careful attention to his "Antigone" may be read at its full value, that situation will soon be remedied—if not at the Munich length of an uninterrupted two-and-a-half hours from eight to ten-thirty. At the end, one has something of the sense of exhaustion that goes with "Elektra," but hardly the exaltation of Strauss's climax. Orff's score utilizes four pianos (the strings are struck with hammers as often as they are played in the conventional way), xylophone, celesta, drums in abundance, and cymbals. After an hour or so Orff recalls that he has a pitfull of wind instruments, double basses, and harps (the other strings were invisible, and certainly inaudible) to vary the aural assault. The Hölderlin translation of Sophocles is used, and it may be described as far from conversational German.

However, for all its sputtering declamation, exacerbating shrieks, and discontinuous line, this writing is attention-compelling—till nervous exhaustion sets in. Orff has absorbed his Stravinsky, certainly, and derived from it a tonal fabric which is neither mildly diatonic nor impossibly chromatic. To be sure, it requires such a masterful singing actress as Christel Goltz to make Antigone acceptable—one can hardly say believable—but she would be well worth bringing to America for this as well as other purposes. Gerhard Lenssen conducted the difficult score impressively.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Murder in the Measure

"Lexicon of Musical Invective," by Nicolas Slonimsky *(Coleman-Ross. 296 pp. $6) documents what composers and writers have long suspected—it's a rare creative artist whose genius is promptly recognized by the critics. Mr. Edman, who reviews it here, is professor of philosophy at Columbia University.*

By Irwin Edman

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY'S "Lexicon of Musical Invective" entertainingly confirms one's worst suspicions about critics, not only of music but of all the arts and of philosophers, historians, and scientists as well. The point made and illustrated by the book is simple, important, at moments astonishing. It is a familiar fact that new works in any art have repeatedly been an offense to eminent and established critics. The good in art comes to be identified with the familiar. The admirable is what we came to love early in our lives. "Our tastes," says Santayana, "are formed by our first masters and our first loves." To paraphrase the old Army dictum, the new is difficult, the original is impossible.

All this is obvious enough. Nonetheless, it is surprising the extent to which what now is such standard beauty in music could ever have brought down upon the heads of its composers such vilifications as are industriously and aptly cited in these pages. The editor has a moral to draw and, not waiting to the end, he draws it in the first page of the preface: "The present collection is a *Schimpflexicon.* Its animating purpose is to demonstrate that music is an art in progress, and that objections leveled at every musical innovator are all derived from the same musical inhibition, which may be described as Non-Acceptance of the Unfamiliar." It is not perhaps as simple as all that, even if Mr. Slonimsky, by adroit choice, seems to prove that it is. Certainly one can scarcely believe one's eyes on reading what now seems such a misuse of the critic's ears.

Beethoven's Second Symphony is a crass monster, a hideously writhing, wounded dragon that refuses to expire, and though bleeding in the finale, furiously bleats about with its tail erect. In 1893 Philip Hale, writing in the *Boston Journal,* said of Brahms's C Minor Symphony: "I do not like and I cannot like the C Minor Symphony of Brahms . . . I am willing to admit without argument that the Symphony is grand and impressive and all that. So is a Channel fog." And so on through Prokofiel, Strauss, Stravinsky, Debussy, Bartók.

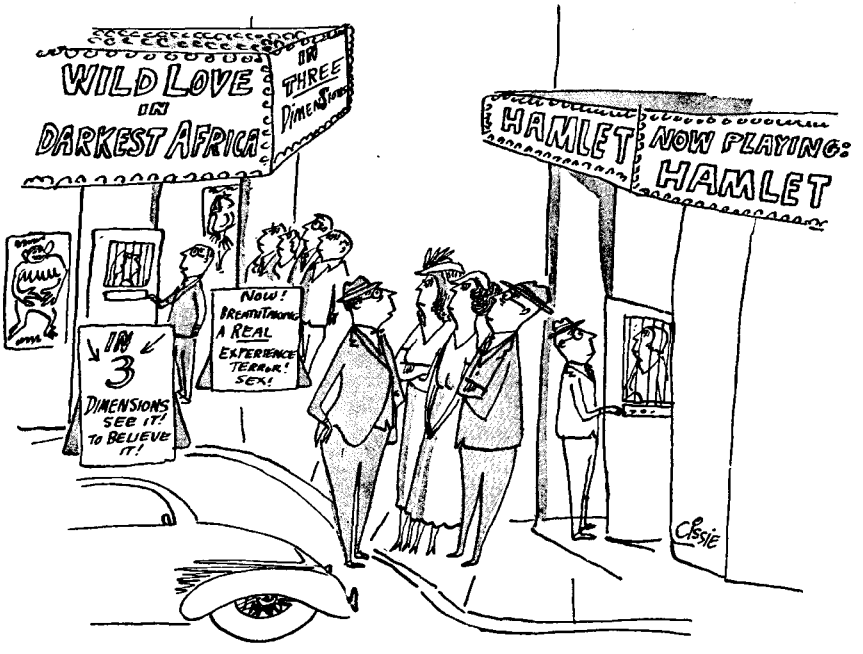
What was said about Wagner is notorious, and also what was written of Berlioz. One has the impression that every great composer was greeted with malignant hoots of derision. There seem to be certain exceptions. Unless it is an oversight on the part of the editor, Mozart never, even at the beginning, provoked the spleen that the musical cognoscenti displayed against some of the now revered names. Nor Handel, nor Haydn, nor Purcell, nor Couperin.

BUT THERE is certainly evidence in Satan's plenty that the best of critics, learned, informed, and at their best highly perceptive, could be strangely opaque. Hanslick, the very distinguished Viennese critic, writing on Wagner, is a famed instance. And several critics in several towns went to town to slaughter Debussy; among them were London, Paris, and New York.

As Mr. Slonimsky points out, some wrote well as a matter of routine, rose to imaginative heights when they let themselves go in invective. One of the literary morals to be drawn is that it is apparently easier to be vivacious in blame rather than in praise. The vocabulary of approval sounds vanilla-flavored compared with the lexicon of rage.

But one cannot help wondering about the general moral Mr. Slonimsky draws. He cites, for instance, Shaw in an outburst against Brahms. Shaw may not have recognized Brahms's virtues, but he had an eye to his limitations and his excesses, some of which are still condemned by shrewd judges even though Brahms is by now not a novelty. Said Shaw in 1893: "Brahms is a sentimental voluptuary. . . . He is the most wanton of composers; only his wantonness is not vicious; it is that of a great baby, rather tiresomely addicted to dressing himself up as Handel or Beethoven." It was rather shrewd of Shaw to have said early what others have perceived since.

It is a familiar fact that people are in all matters frequently exasperated by the unfamiliar. They are also taken in by novelties. A lexicon of false praise might well be put together, filled with hasty approval of what for the moment seemed the real thing. Meanwhile, this dictionary of musical abuse reads very well and we can all smugly feel how much wiser we are than the critics of yesterday, a condition which posterity will doubtless prove contrary to fact. Where are the Varèses of yesteryear, and where, one may soon be saying, is Sibelius?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Imperial Musical

"The Musicians and Petrillo," by Robert D. Leiter *(Bookman Assoc. 202 pp. $3.75), is the story of the American Federation of Musicians and its colorful leader. Congressman Carroll D. Kearns, who reviews it below, was chairman of the subcommittee that investigated James C. Petrillo and the AFofM for the Eightieth Congress.*

By Carroll D. Kearns

IN "The Musicians and Petrillo" Robert D. Leiter has portrayed most interestingly the development of the American Federation of Musicians from its beginnings to its present high estate under the leadership of the dynamic James Caesar Petrillo. He writes as a historian, yet interjects so many sidelights about Mr. Petrillo that the reader finds himself turning the pages expectantly almost as though it were fiction. He emphasizes the importance of the late Joseph M. Weber and explains how his conservative philosophy of union organization played such an important part in the forming of a well-working and highly functionable body, which Mr. Petrillo was to inherit and carry to even greater heights. But it is only when Mr. Leiter gets into the real meat of his story—which is James C. Petrillo and how he molded the thinking of this group of professionals into his pattern of operation—that he hits his stride. He describes the rise of this labor leader, from a poor little lad, through a rough journey of life, to the top position in one of the greatest membership bodies of the American Federation of Labor. He shows how Petrillo's ability to delve into such phases of union organization as restriction of membership and the revision of the laws of 1908, when the inroads of the service bands were first considered competition (as late as last month Petrillo still objected to service band competition), plus his continual changing of laws and by-laws, enabled him to make the union function in a manner best suited to the goals he had in mind.

Petrillo's rapid climb in the Chicago union was interrupted by Charles Bagley of Los Angeles, who defeated him for the office of vice president. But that was only a momentary setback in his career, and he was able to overcome all obstacles and finally succeed Weber as international president. Petrillo's leap from Chicago to New York—where the long struggle for supremacy in the American Fed-

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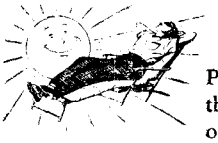

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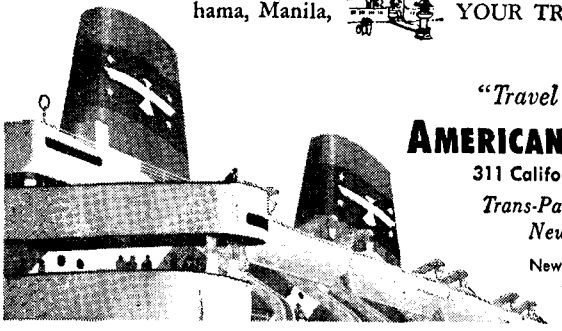

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years—ended in success for Petrillo and put his organizational problems behind him for all time.

Mr. Leiter properly has no hesitancy in spanking Petrillo when he deserves to be spanked and praising him when he deserves praise. He deals well with the technological encroachments of the entertainment industry; particularly good coverage is given to sound in movies, to AM and FM in radio, and to television. Petrillo fought all technological developments, yet was forced to succumb to them as all men, regardless of stature, must do when science finally overtakes them.

Petrillo was probably one of the most dictatorial union figures in the country in 1946. Almost every edition of the press headlined some of his powers being exerted in various sections of the country and even in Canada. This high ride was short-lived for Petrillo, and fortunately so.

The part of the book dealing with the Congressional hearings was naturally most interesting to me as chairman of the subcommittee which under a public law was authorized to investigate James C. Petrillo and the American Federation of Musicians. The author is correct in stating that Mr. Petrillo made several immediate and tangible concessions as a result of his appearance before the subcommittee. I was most happy to note that Mr. Leiter singled out the code of ethics with the American Association of School Administrators and the Music Educators National Conference which permitted students to perform in public, to broadcast, and to make audition recordings in the furtherance of their music education when such was non-commercial and non-competitive in nature. This was also true of the service bands pertaining to recordings to be used for educational purposes and public concerts given free at public request.

It is significant to note that it was about the same time that the Congressional investigations were being concluded that Mr. Petrillo for the first time gave evidence of tolerance to new technological inroads, namely the innovation of FM radio and television. These two new industries, affecting employment, wage scales, and further technical development, were given patient consideration by Mr. Petrillo and afforded an opportunity to get their feet on the ground before full union regulations were demanded.

Mr. Leiter's book is a good one. Mr. Petrillo should take no exceptions to it, nor should others mentioned therein. Petrillo will always be Petrillo. But there is no doubt that the musicians throughout the country have benefited greatly by his insistence on better wages and working conditions. The vast prestige that the profession has enjoyed in the last four years is the outgrowth of a change in attitude and policy of Mr. Petrillo. I have found, as others have, that Mr. Petrillo drives a hard bargain in all his negotiations. But once "the deal is made," to use his own expression, he keeps it—he is truly a man of his word. I join with Joseph H. Ream, former vice president of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, who said, "So far as I know, Mr. Petrillo is always a gentleman."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CUA SOLUTION?

Lucy Johnson and William Cole of New York ask you to unmix these bearers of three-ply initials, all of them writing gentry of one persuasion or another. Twelve correct answers are tolerable, thirteen commendable, and fourteen or better ought to entitle the contestant to a plate of alphabet soup. Answers on page 39.

1. A. E. W.	( ) Bodley	11. H. A. L.	( ) Lorac
2. A. J. A.	( ) Cole	12. H. F. M.	( ) Mais
3. A. S. M.	( ) Du Bois	13. I. A. R.	( ) Marshall
4. C. E. M.	( ) Fisher	14. J. B. S.	( ) Mason
5. C. V. R.	( ) Fisher	15. L. A. G.	( ) Northrop
6. E. B. C.	( ) Gedye	16. M. F. K.	( ) Prescott
7. E. C. R.	( ) Haldane	17. R. V. C.	( ) Strong
8. F. S. C.	( ) Hutchinson	18. S. L. A.	( ) Symonds
9. G. D. H.	( ) Joad	19. S. P. B.	( ) Thompson
10. G. E. R.	( ) Jones	20. W. E. B.	( ) Wylie

The Civil War

Continued from page 19

a segregated school, arranged for her education in Salem, Massachusetts. Here in the hive of Yankee abolitionism she met many antislavery leaders, delighted in their lectures, and resolved to do her part to end slavery and discrimination. Her great opportunity came in 1862 when she went to Port Royal, South Carolina, as a teacher of illiterate "contrabands" left when their masters had been forced to evacuate the Sea Islands.

The diarist, a young, sensitive, intelligent girl, recorded her inmost reactions to racial prejudice. Her journal entries for the years 1854-64, though often effusive and exclamatory, provide a remarkably clear insight into her intellectual growth and her dedication to the "holy cause" of helping her "oppressed and suffering people."

Mr. Billington's excellent editing of the journal greatly increases its usefulness. —J. MERTON ENGLAND.

JOHNNY REB'S STORY: In the 1880's, when Confederate brigadiers were weaving a romantic legend of the Lost Cause, Sam Watkins of Tennessee decided it was high time that a private who "took a small part in the fracas" tell his version of it. His account, first carried serially in his home-town newspaper, soon appeared in book form in an edition of two thousand copies. It sold quickly, and the book remained out of print until 1900. Now Bell Irvin Wiley, the historian of the common soldier in the Civil War, has made available a third edition of Watkins's delightful **"'Co. Aytch,' Maury Grays, First Tennessee Regiment; or, A Side Show of the Big Show"** (McCowat-Mercer Press, Jackson, Tenn., $5).

Sam Watkins was in every march, skirmish, and battle of the First Tennessee Regiment during the war. His feet peeled like an onion tramping West Virginia hills under "Fool Tom Jackson"; he became a starved skeleton, scourged by diarrhea and dispirited by defeat, under Bragg; he regained his strength, morale, and deadly fighting prowess under "the born soldier," Joe Johnston; and he saw his fine army degenerate into a ragged mob when the Gallant Hood "played hell in Tennessee."

Soldiering in the Army of Tennessee is well revealed by Sam Watkins. A score of years later he could record vividly the sounds and scenes of battle or his reaction to the sickening odor of rotting flesh at a hospital. Nevertheless, tragedy is often relieved by humor. —J. M. E.

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Continued from page 23

life as well as his own to regain his past celebrity; and Ann Teck, a Red Chinese terrorist. Each is determined to abet or frustrate the mission.

Mr. Derby is a practised writer, and his story, unfolded by flashbacks as it moves swiftly ahead up roaring flood-waters and through treacherous leech-and-crocodile infested jungles, manages to relate the whole business quite convincingly to the idealistic diplomatic error of a high American statesman. All in all, "The Big Water" is a well-paced story of high, sanguinary adventure, which is still quite satisfying in the number of principals it leaves over. —LEWIS VOGLER.

SAVING THE OLD HOMESTEAD: Richard Sullivan's **"311 Congress Court"** (Henry Holt, $3) is a moderately comfortable, wholly uninspired story of family life in a Great Lakes town. Such interest as the Webber family excites arises from desperately usual devices: Will landlord McClay let them live on at the address mentioned in the title, or will he turn them out and sell their home to vaguely sinister oil interests? Will the three Webber daughters marry their fellows and have their babies, or will platitudinous Fates—close relatives of the Norns of soap opera—intervene? Mr. Sullivan's novel is too determinedly placid to belong to the mid-twentieth century, while at the same time too circumstantially modern to clip the coupons of nostalgic sentimentality.
—NICOLAS MONJO.

DIRGE FOR THE FUTURE: Ayn Rand, author of "The Fountainhead," has caused the publication of **"Anthem"** (Caxton Printers, $3). The book jacket, describing it as a "hymn," explains, darkly, that although published in England in 1937 the work was refused by American publishers "for reasons which the reader might discover by reading for himself." It tant future—the kind of speculation so much more rewardingly handled by Huxley, Orwell, and H. G. Wells. It is not a novel; its characters are mere shadows struggling under an unmercifully strident thesis. Writing a kind of political science fiction, Miss Rand conceives of Equality 7-2521, the hero, and Golden One (*sic*), heroine, as abject creatures of a monstrous State which preaches the doctrine "There are no men but only the great We." The triumphant masses, centuries before, have stamped out every vestige of individuality, and the con- and Golden One are described with relish. This latter-day Adam and Eve are at last permitted to escape, to replenish their egos, and to reform—with their Promethean rediscovery of electricity—an errant world. Miss Rand knows how to write good fiction, but this ill-advised excursion into the valley of prognosis has discovered militant inadequacies in her socio-economic equipment.
—N. M.

HORROR BELOW THE BORDER: Geoffrey Wagner's **"The Passionate Land"** (Si-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1013)

ELAINE V. EMANS:
THE TRESPASSERS

We tried to step uncommonly soft,
We laughed not once, and scarcely spoke—
But a blue jay straightway went aloft
And warned the woodland from his oak. . . .

Only the fox, at our advance,
Being an old one, being shrewder,
Measured us with a level glance.

A novel that will remind many readers of *A Passage to India*

THE ENVOYS
BY H. R. HAYS

Written with the colors of the desert and the jungle, this novel of the violent meeting of three civilizations is a notable, adult story of grandeur and chaos in Peru today . . . and of a gallery of "envoys" from the United States who help shape her destiny and strangely alter their own, under the ancient spell of the land of the Incas.

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25th Anniversary

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Crime Club Classic by LESLIE CHARTERIS
THE SAINT VS. SCOTLAND YARD
That debonair, delightful, and devilish Saint solving the tax problem in his own inimitable way—in the midst of mayhem, high-scale heisting, and murder. $2.50

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curately be described as a novel of suspense because the reader is always fairly certain that the very worst will happen. Mr. Wagner's passionate land is a violently anti-gringo Mexico, drenched in *huele de noche* and fatality. During a period of mounting tension created by the terrorist murder of the British ambassador the novel's six principal characters move, accompanied by the reader's growing indifference, more or less to their undoing. The Mexicans include Manuel, the killer, who learns that the next assigned victim of the Pilgrims of Peace—the terrorist organization to which he belongs—is his good friend Pablo Guzman, a revolutionary muralist, a genius of enormous ugliness, heart, and sex appeal (who could this be?). Among those [illegible] is a beautiful young American, Jean Madison. Her affair with Pablo, in combination with another affair, causes her to be vengefully and brutally kidnapped and subjected to some sensational mishandling. Another American is Lee Wingate, the business partner of an Englishman, Edward Dodds, whose desire to make money from cement has led him to take a surprising part in all these disastrous doings. There is also Sheila Glyn-Davies, a wealthy young widow and beautiful party-giver who apparently has as many faience enamels, Chantily laces, and Fabergé candlesticks as any woman alive but who is also unable to resist, for a while at least, the earthiness and blood-love of Mexico.

The author, who has translated Baudelaire, is a writer of considerable skill. While he apparently knows the name—in Spanish—of the least of the country's shrubs, the odor of every stewpot, and the contents of every bottle, and while his descriptions of Mexico are often haunting enough and his knowledge of the bloodier details of its history appears sound, it must be said that the novel is almost cynically overcharged. Setting scenes in police morgues, dissecting laboratories, bullfight arenas, the lowest brothels, and in an unbelievably squalid studio, as well as in the most luxurious houses, may all have been done in the interests of verisimilitude and contrast. But the effect is such a procession of lush horrors that you will probably be very happy to escape back to your own "tiresome" daily reality. —L. V.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming issues.

ANNA FITZALAN. By Marguerite Steen. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.75. A novel which takes place in England during the past three decades about a man whose wife is committed to an insane asylum and a woman whom he lives with as his second "wife."

THE BOY WHO SAW TOMORROW. By Ian Niall. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. The story of a boy who is clairvoyant, and who foresees the drowning of an old madman, a fire in his father's workshop, and an accident in which he loses his own life.

CEILING UNLIMITED. By Lloyd Morris and Kendall Smith. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.50. A layman's history of aviation in this country during the past half century, brought out to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Wright brothers' heroic doings at Kitty Hawk.

AN EPITAPH FOR LOVE. By Howard Clewes. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. An Englishman living in Italy hears about the discovery of oil in the Po Valley, runs athwart a couple of Communists, and finds an old sweetheart he knew during the war in the last stages of decay.

THE FLOWER OF MAY. By Kate O'Brien. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. A novel about the adolescence of a Catholic girl who goes to Paris with a friend, has her first infatuation there, and returns home to the sorrow of the death of her mother.

THE HEMINGWAY READER. Edited by Charles Poore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5. A wide selection from Poppa's total work, including "The Sun Also Rises" (complete), many of the short stories, and fragments of "A Farewell to Arms," "Death in the Afternoon," "The Green Hills of Africa," etc.

HITLER'S SECRET CONVERSATIONS. By Adolf Hitler. Translated by Norman Cameron and R. H. Stevens. New York: Farrar, Straus, & Young. $6.50. The table talk of Adolf Hitler as it was transcribed from 1941-44, with a long introduction by H. R. Trevor-Roper on "The Mind of Adolf Hitler."

THE HONEYED PEACE. By Martha Gellhorn. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A collection of shorties dealing with people caught in the backwash of war in such places as the U. S., England, Havana, Rome, Madrid, and Israel.

INSECTS: THEIR SECRET WORLD. By Evelyn Chessman. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3. A general survey of the insects of the world, ranging from the boll weevil to the spider in Hong Kong which is as big as a pizza.

INTRODUCING ASIA. By Lawrence H. Battistini. New York: John Day Co. $3.75. An introductory guide to the Asian continent.

THE LAST RACE. By Jon Manchip White. New York: M. S. Mill. $3. Novels about automobile racers are getting as plentiful as summer's blue skies. This one takes place at a track in Zurich, and involves the last race an aging driver enters—one in which he must be victorious to appease soul, self, and wife.

LUCIFER'S DREAM. By Jean-Louis Curtis. Translated by Robin Chancellor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3. A novel about a French orphan boy who becomes a locksmith, a gigolo, a collaborationist in the making of pornographic pictures, and finally a murderer and gallowsbird.

MAUGHAM'S CHOICE OF KIPLING'S BEST. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.95. In order to break *this* year's statement by Mr. Maugham that he is through with books and writing forever, here is a collection of sixteen of Kipling's stories complete with an introductory essay.

NOTHING IS QUITE ENOUGH. By Gary MacEoin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50. A first-person account by a man who, having gone through seven years of training for the priesthood in Ireland, was refused ordainment with no reason given, and of how he managed to readjust himself to the outside world.

THE POET'S TESTAMENT. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. A collection of the poetry the late philosopher wrote during his life, including some translations from French and Spanish of classical verse, a couple of poetical dramas—written in 1896 and 1897, but rewritten later—and a dialogue which supposedly took place at the court of Dionysius, the ruler of Syracuse.

QUEEN JEZEBEL. By Jean Plaidy. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. The author began her story of Catherine de' Medici with "Madame Serpent" (1951), and she here completes it, leaving the canny old Catherine on her death bed.

SHADES OF SCOTLAND YARD. By Theodore S. Felstaed. New York: Roy Publishers. $4. A recapitulation of cases taken from the files of those infallibles, Scotland Yard.

THE TERROR MACHINE. By Gregory Klimov. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $4. The experiences of an expatriate Russian who is now living in the West.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. By Olwen Campbell. New York: Roy Publishers. $2. A short critical biography, which is the newest addition to the English Novelist Series, about the nineteenth-century English poet, novelist, and friend of Shelley and Byron.

UNDER STRANGE SKIES. By Harry Simonhoff. New York: Philosophical Library. $3.50. A survey of the present condition of the Jews throughout the world. In these lights, the author takes the reader to England, France, Italy, Germany, South America, India, and Miami Beach, U. S. A.

THE STREAK. By Paul Darcy Boles. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3. Another novel about automobile racing. This one concerns a man who loves his car, and his girl; she triumphs and he is destroyed, because of her, in an accident on the track.

TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCE. By Mary Stolz. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50. A novel for the ladies about the everyday problems of the residents of a quiet suburban street.

311 CONGRESS COURT. By Richard Sullivan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3. 311 Congress Court is the address of a big old house in a small town, and this novel has to do with its tenants—the Webber family—and a capricious landlord named McClay.

UKRAINE UNDER THE SOVIETS. By Clarence A. Manning. New York: Bookman Assoc. $3.50. An analysis, based on first-person accounts, of the Russian-enslaved peoples of the Ukraine, written by a professor in Columbia's Slavic Department.

WESTWARD THE BRITON. By Robert G. Athearn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50. A collection of pieces about the wooly American West of 1865-1900, written by various Englishmen who were living or traveling through there during those years. —W.B.

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Continued from page 12

casting only, and not cultural effects, it should be noted that the significance of this entire episode lies not in the fact that the music was good and serious, but that the broadcasters offered all kinds of music, widening the area of choice; if the prevalent mode had been classical and the broadcasters had created an audience for hot music, the moral would still be the same: audiences are created by programs.

There is a more significant but less spectacular case in which the broadcasters acted in the public interest far ahead of public demand. They began to supply international news and commentary of a high order in the 1930's, at a time when the people at large preferred not to be troubled by such matters, a period of marked self-absorption in domestic affairs and strong isolationism. These programs were unsponsored for many years and almost without exception they demanded real mental activity on the part of the listener to match the alert intelligence of the correspondents abroad. These broadcasts were a specific case of giving the public what the public ought to have—and no damned nonsense about what the public wants; and I believe that the high level of emotional stability of the American people after Pearl Harbor is largely due to the creation of an audience, of substantial size, aware of the international situation. This is one of the most honorable services radio has rendered to our country, and I think the industry ought to be proud of it, without reservation.

BUT the industry does make a reservation, in principle. It cannot accept the Paley principle of creative broadcasting because of the responsibility that principle implies. For you cannot logically say, "We created the audience for great music and for the discussion of public affairs, but in the case of neurotic daytime serials and sadistic murder playlets we weren't creative at all, we were merely satisfying a demand that already existed." Demand is generalized and diffuse—for entertainment, for thrills, for vicarious sadness, for laughs; it can be satisfied by programs of different types and different qualities; and only after these programs have been offered is there any demand for them. Supply comes first in this business and creates its own demand.

A few months ago *Time* published a letter from a reader in Nigeria which gives a perfect, though extreme, instance of this principle. The writer said: "In the Gold Coast one movie owner possesses only two features, 'King Kong' and 'The Mark of Zorro.' . . . On Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays he has packed them in for years with the former; [the other three weekdays he shows the latter] . . . On Sunday there is always a surefire double feature—'King Kong' and 'The Mark of Zorro'." I submit that this enterprising exhibitor began by satisfying an unspecific demand for entertainment, then created an audience for a specific kind of entertainment, and finally prevented an audience for coming into existence.

Our mass media, the movies as well as radio and television, offer a greater variety of entertainments, but they are for the most part aimed at the same intellectual level and call for the same emotional responses, the level and the responses being relatively low. The challenge to the mind comes infrequently, and we are being conditioned to make frequent emotional responses of low intensity—the quick nervous reaction to melodrama and the quick laugh at everything else. If material cannot be adapted to give the thrill or the laugh, it is thrown out. A spectacular instance of this occurred recently in the Ford anniversary show, where the entire story of life in the United States in the past half century was reduced to vaudeville, the violent strikes of the 1920's being presented as part of a jocular newsreel, the Depression in a ballet, and the revolution of the New Deal, being intractable, omitted entirely. It was a very successful program, and its success is part of the conditioning process which I call creative, by which the audience is persuaded that it is getting all it can ever want.

Statistical evidence exists that actually the audience—the public, to be

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. R.V.C. Bodley. 2. G. D. H. Cole. 3. W. E. B. Du Bois. 4. H. A. L. Fishger. 5. M. F. K. Fisher. 6. G. E. R. Gedye. 7. J. B. S. Haldane. 8. A. S. M. Hutchinson. 9. C. E. M. Joad. 10. E. B. C. Jones. 11. E. C. R. Lorac. 12. S. P. B. Mais. 13. S. L. A. Marshall. 14. A. E. W. Mason. 15. F. S. C. Northrop. 16. H. F. M. Prescott. 17. L. A. G. Strong. 18. A. J. A. Symonds. 19. C. V. R. Thompson. 20. I. A. R. Wylie.

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SR

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more accurate—wants more. I place few bets on the automatic answer given to researchers, "Yes, we would like more serious programs on the air," because, for one thing, some of the respondents call quiz shows educational and because this "want" is a pious aspiration as diffused and uncertain as what the broadcasters say they get from the public. Yet it is noteworthy that *all* the researches point in the same direction: people at every level of education, in significant numbers, do imply some dissatisfaction with the programs they are getting, and among these there are ten million people, not habitual book readers, not college graduates, who consistently ask for programs of a higher intellectual content. (Book readers and college graduates make the same request twice as often, but they are numerically less important. All these figures come from studies made for the industry.)

DIRECT corroborative evidence comes from the report of the FM stations; the Lowell Institute station in Boston, wholly educational, has a constantly increasing audience of unswerving loyalty; and the University of Michigan, broadcasting at unfavorable hours, within a small area, has an audience for its TV programs large enough to indicate that the same programs transmitted at good hours over a national network would attract a sponsorable audience.

The evidence favorable to the broadcasters (in music, for instance) and the unfavorable evidence (the prevalence of third-rate crime programs, let us say) come together at this point. If the broadcasters accept their social responsibility, they can continue to pile up huge profits without corrupting the taste and undermining the mental activity of the audience. Sponsors, agencies, packagers, stations, and networks taken together have created the kinds of wants they could satisfy, and while broadcasting has not lost audiences—as the movies have—by repeating the sure thing over and over again, there have always been vast untouched segments of the public. (At the time the two major networks were offering daytime serials all day long and protesting that women wouldn't listen to anything else 76 per cent of all women who had radios in such a city as Boston were simply not listening; within a few years it was discovered that women would listen to many other kinds of programs.) It takes time, intelligence, and conviction to face the simple mathematical fact that 1 is not the only common denominator of 4 and 8 and 16 and 64. The broadcasters have ratings which prove to their satisfaction that a sufficient number of separate individuals watch each of the 100 or more programs of violence on television every week, but that is no proof of public demand for so many of these programs and it certainly is not proof that other kinds of programs would not build up equally satisfactory audiences.

The huge costs of television production have introduced a new element. The pure sustaining program of radio, experimental and not intended for sale, has disappeared, and the status of television may now be described as "commercialism mitigated by Foundations." "American Inventory" (Sloan) and "Omnibus" (Ford) are essentially comparable to network sustaining programs in radio, and all the networks and many stations are bringing in inexpensive programs from museums and universities with or without special endowments or other funds for broadcasting. Broadcasters have been glad to shift the burden of costs for such programs. Provided a sufficient number of them continue

Of Time and Space

The Saturday Review's *Guide to Science Fantasy Fiction*

Book	*Theme*	*Handling*	*Rating*
THE TRANSCENDENT MAN *Jerry Sohl* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Thrilling development of the "we are property" theme; what if you fall in love with a slave?	Nice work on characterization saves a fundamentally weak structure.	Jerry Sohl can certainly keep things moving.
THE DEMOLISHED MAN *Alfred Bester* (Shasta: $3)	A world in which mind-reading ESP experts run the police force.	Science fiction seldom more logically worked out from acceptable premises.	Rather weak climax mars otherwise excellent story.
ICEWORLD *Hal Clement* (Gnome: $2.50)	Visit to earth by race that lives at above 300°, has platinum to spare, and finds tobacco an addiction drug.	Smoothly and logically worked out tale of effort to establish communications.	Nice workmanship makes easy reading.
THE SPACE MERCHANTS *Frederik Pohl & C. M. Kornbluth* (Ballantine: 35¢ and $1.50)	World run by Senators for Coca-cola and advertising agencies with private armies.	Good beginning goes hectic and becomes hard to follow.	Lacks the humor it should have for such a plot.
TO THE END OF TIME *Olaf Stapledon; ed. by Basil Davenport* (Funk & Wagnalls: $5)	Five novels presenting as many interesting views of the cosmos.	Stapledon not the best writer in the world, but has one of the most seeing eyes.	Inescapable classics of their kind.
RING AROUND THE SUN *Clifford D. Simak* (Simon & Schuster: $2.75)	There is another earth, not quite duplicating ours; intercommunication is developed.	Premises hard to take because of method of introduction.	Fast moving yarn
FLIGHT INTO YESTERDAY *Charles L. Harness* (Bouregy & Curl: $2.75)	Brotherhood of man achieved through fantastic adventures in space and time.	So fast paced that it's often incomprehensible.	Lacks Harness's usual delicate touch
WORLD OUT OF MIND *J. T. McIntosh* (Doubleday: $2.75)	We're invaded by a superior race, with a fatal flaw.	It's hard to believe the invaders are special.	Not too bad
THE ROBOT AND THE MAN *Martin Greenberg, Editor* (Gnome Press: $2.95)	Stories about robots, arranged to give a kind of history of robotics.	Ingenious idea, but good robot stories are running short.	Disjointed

—FLETCHER PRATT.

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public who pays the bill.

OTHER developments also point to the same ill-defined feeling that commercial broadcasting alone cannot satisfy all the legitimate wants of the public. Grand opera has been "narrowcast" into theatres, the audience paying admission, and there are a dozen plans to handle plays in a similar way. And while pay-as-you-go transmission of movies is more an economic move than a social one, it adds another variant from the standard commercial system. "Omnibus," the most successful of the experiments, makes the point of divergence particularly clear. It seems to assume that the usual commercial sponsor is not bound by any social duty to take long risks, to keep a program running until its audience forms; the program is therefore produced (as all radio programs were in the beginning) without reference to or interference from the sponsor, but is made available for sponsorship on these terms. Doing what neither the network nor the sponsor can do, such a program signifies that an area outside their capacities must be cultivated if television is to be satisfactory, not only to particular audiences, but to the public as a whole.

We know, in sum, that the broadcasting business has been ahead of the public as well as behind it. We know that better programs often fail to get support. One reason for this is that the better programs are often conceived as something totally different from good programs—the rhetorical documentaries of Norman Corwin, for instance—and not, as they should be, as a constant improvement in the quality of programs already proved acceptable. Another reason is that the volume and velocity of the average program surfeits the appetite and makes it progressively less likely that a keener taste will develop.

It is at this point that the broadcasters share responsibility with other manipulators of the public. They dodge it by the ancient excuse of giving the public what it wants, conceiving the public as a mass with tastes already formed. Once they admit that the media can raise or lower the public taste, in the very act of satisfying the public demand, they will come closer to their function, which is defined legally as operating in the public interest, and which, morally, does not insist on raising the public taste but demands, as a minimum, that the public be given every opportunity to find its own level of taste by having access to the best as well as to the mean—which, in this case, is far from golden.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

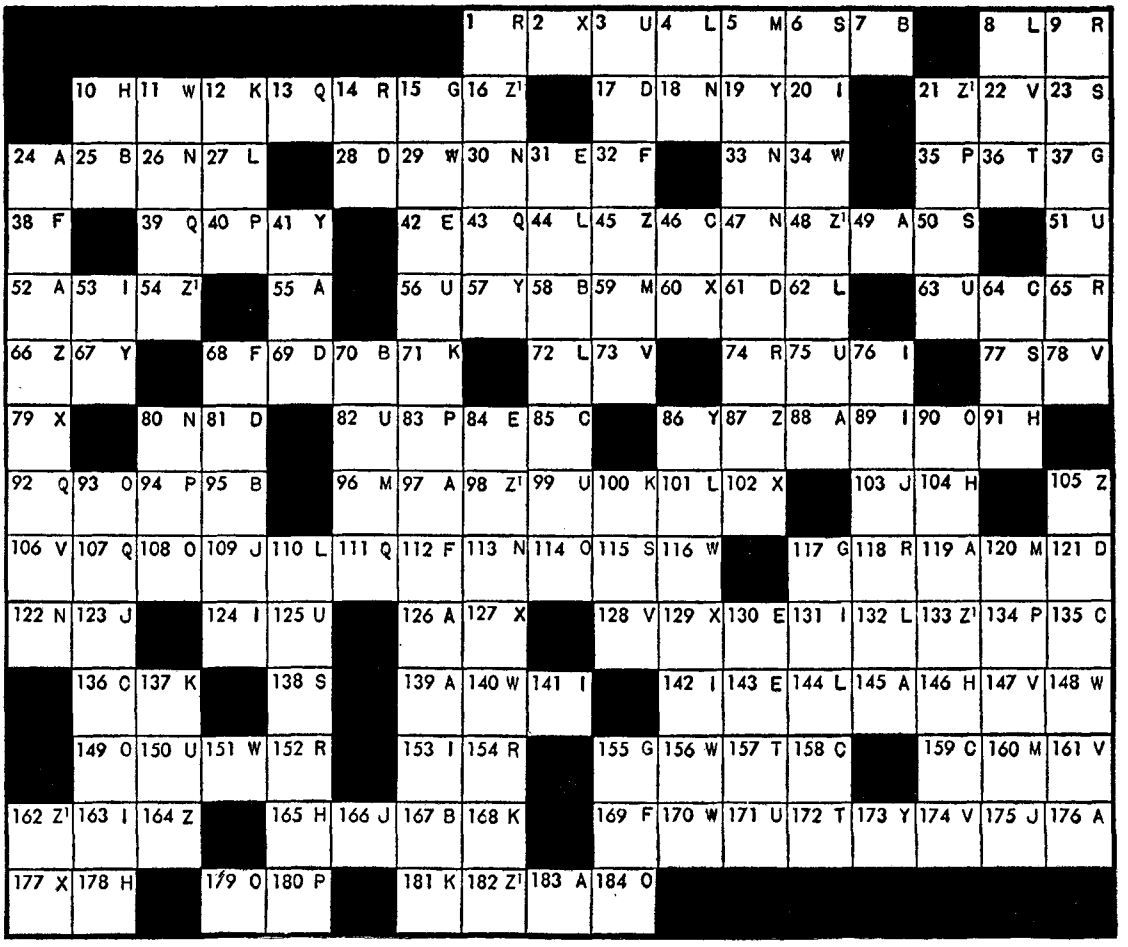
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pertaining to Cambridge Univ., Eng.	145 97 139 119 55 126 88 176 24 52 / 183 49
B. New England author of Word R.	25 95 58 167 70 7
C. Assisted; seconded.	136 159 158 85 46 64 135
D. To assort good coins from bad, esp. in the Orient.	17 69 121 61 28 81
E. Famous scenic region south of mouth of St. Lawrence River.	130 84 42 143 31
F. English antiquarian of Elizabethan times, collector, diarist, whose records are often the only authority for incidents.	32 112 68 38 169
G. Kubla Khan's sacred river.	117 15 37 155
H. Root of the plant *Raphanus sativus*.	178 10 91 146 104 165
I. Student of Winchester Coll., Eng.	141 20 53 76 153 131 163 89 142 124
J. Blockhead (Webster calls it a learned word become popular).	109 123 103 166 175
K. Not at all.	71 168 181 12 137 100
L. Art of revealing the future by pretended communication with the dead.	62 144 4 132 8 44 72 101 110 27
M. Eliza in France.	120 59 5 96 160

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Fragment of rock included in another rock.	30 122 113 80 26 33 18 47
O. Measuring twenty-four inches (comp.).	114 149 90 108 179 93 184
P. Slimy membrane on surface of fermenting alcoholic liquids.	94 40 35 83 134 180
Q. German engineer, inventor of of a kind of septic tank named for him.	111 13 92 43 107 39
R. Poem, 1833, by Word B, about an aged man (2 wds., with "The").	152 65 1 74 118 154 14 9
S. Preceded by Word T, popular name for collegiate institutions of the East, U.S.	115 77 138 50 23 6
T. See Word S.	172 157 36
U. Term in economics for power to give satisfaction.	125 171 75 3 51 150 56 99 82 63
V. Dreamy pensive musical composition, of which Chopin composed at least twenty.	78 22 161 73 106 128 174 147
W. Student or graduate of a certain New England univ.	116 170 151 140 34 148 29 156 11
X. Digressive subdivision in a musical or literary composition to give variety.	129 2 60 102 177 79 127
Y. Desire with eagerness.	19 67 86 57 41 173
Z. Dodgers' captain.	66 164 87 105 45
Z¹. Balllike figure, ellipsoid of revolution.	16 98 182 54 21 162 48 133

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 37 of this issue.

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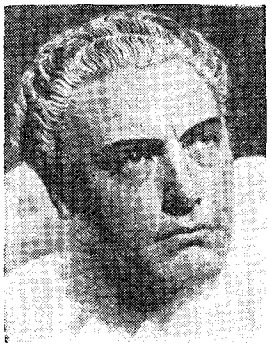

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Ruffo in Retrospect

The death of Titta Ruffo in Florence early in July severed yet another link with the imposing pre-World War I era of grand opera. Ruffo, who was seventy-five at the time of his death, began recording in the days of the wax cylinder and continued into the early years of the electrical process. The baritone's recorded output is analyzed here by George Jellinek.

By GEORGE JELLINEK

AT THE peak of his success Titta Ruffo was asked about the factors that had influenced his career. "I have had many teachers," he declared, "but I think that listening to my own tone in the talking machine has been of the greatest help to me." Coming from one of the outstanding operatic figures of all time, this was a tribute indeed to the phonograph! And by grace of that "talking machine" the mighty voice of the late singer continues to teach and delight a new generation of music lovers.

Records, of course, provide no more than a reasonable approximation of the Ruffo voice. That was a phenomenon beyond all convention and comparison. What made it so? In the words of the late baritone himself, ". . . My voice was Nature's gift, to be sure—and I am grateful to Providence for it—but also the result of constant study and severe self-discipline."

Teachers had relatively little to do with that "constant study." The famous Persichini, teacher of Battistini and De Luca, was completely baffled by Ruffo's vocal material and held a low opinion of his pupil's operatic future. This matched Ruffo's dim view of his teacher's methods. Since teacher and pupil did not hesitate to voice their opinions, Ruffo's studies at the Rome Conservatory came to a sudden end. Lelio Casini, a noted vocal teacher in Milan with whom Ruffo continued his studies, recognized the baritone's unusual talent and coached him with patience and understanding. This, despite the fact that the young singer, beset by constant financial troubles, could offer hardly anything in the way of compensation.

Ruffo's poverty actually hastened the time of his debut (1899) at a point when he was not yet, by academic standards, a fully accomplished singer. Nevertheless, his first stage appearance, in the small role of the Herald in "Lohengrin," was such a success that it led to one engagement after another, and the singer was on his way.

Somehow, in these early years, Ruffo completed his development into an artist of the first order. His autobiography reveals an indebtedness to such prominent baritones of the day as Pacini, Menotti, and Giraldoni. Ruffo admired these artists on the stage and learned much from them in matters of operatic tradition, stage deportment, and vocal nuances. There may have been other influences of varying importance. But there can be no question about it—his ultimate evolution as a singer came primarily from his own efforts, as a result of a fiery determination to succeed, and "severe self-discipline," which supplemented his genius of intuition and his unique vocal endowments.

The voice had but few limitations. It was somewhat hollow in the lower regions with an occasional tendency to huskiness. But the massive power and richness of the middle and upper registers, with a seemingly inexhaustible breath-support behind them, defies description. At its peak it boasted a fully sustained B flat, yet retained the support and resonance of the baritonal timbre even in that dizzy altitude. Belittlers of his art often classify him as a "shouter." It is true that Ruffo's thunderous tones were ideal to express the vengeful cry of Rigoletto, the injured rage of Renato, and the fulminations of Iago. But who can ignore the richly documented fact that his skilful use of the mezzavoce, his ravishing pianissimi were just as remarkable as his range and power.

Ruffo is never mentioned alongside

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SEPTEMBER RELEASES:

COMPOSER, WORK	PERFORMER AND NUMBER	COMMENT
Bach: St. Matthew Passion.	Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Karl Erb, Willem Ravelli, Jo Vincent, Ilona Durigo, Louis van Tulder, Herman Schey, The Amsterdam Toonkunstchoir and the Boys' Choir "Zanglust." (3-12" LP). SL-179.	Mengelberg's thrilling, historic performance recorded at an actual concert in the Concertgebouw, Palm Sunday, 1939.

In honor of Bruno Walter's 77th birthday Columbia proudly announces his new recordings:

Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 in D minor ("Choral"), Op. 125 (New recording of last movement). Beethoven: Symphony No. 8 in F Major, Op. 93.	Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of N. Y. Frances Yeend, Martha Lipton, David Lloyd, Mack Harrell and the Westminster Choir. Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of N. Y. (2-12" LP). SL-186.	Fifty-nine years of conducting have produced Walter's ripe musicianship. His performances reveal natural rapport with the great Viennese tradition. His new finale to Beethoven's Ninth, one of the most unique on records, brilliantly portrays its "serenity in the midst of rejoicing." Walter's Mozart radiates a humane warmth and a keen appreciation for the underlying pathos of the master's music. Dr. Walter's mature accompaniments to the outstanding artistry of Steber and London reveal the conductor's great versatility, show the full stature of his great art.
Mozart: Symphony No. 40 in G Minor, (K. 550), and Symphony No. 35 in D Major ("Haffner"), (K. 385).	Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of N. Y. ML 4693.	
Mozart Arias: Bester Jüngling ("Der Schauspieldirektor"); Traurigkeit ("Die Entführung aus dem Serail"); Dove Sono ("Le Nozze di Figaro"); Ach, Ich Fühl's ("Die Zauberflöte"); Per Pietà Ben Mio Perdona ("Così Fan Tutte"); In Quali Eccessi . . . Mi Tradi Quest' Alma Ingrata and Non Mi Dir, Bell' Idol Mio ("Don Giovanni").	Eleanor Steber, soprano, with Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. ML 4694.	
Mozart: Arias from "The Marriage of Figaro": Cavatina: Se Voul Ballare; La Vendetta: Non Più Andrai; Recit.: Hai Già Vinta, Aria: Vedrò, Mentr'Io; Recit.: Tutto E Disposto, Aria: Aprite Un Po' Quegl' Occhi. Mozart Concert Arias: Mentre Ti Lascio, O Figlia (K. 513); Per Questa Bella Mano (K. 612); Rivolgete A Lui Lo Sguardo (K. 584).	George London, bass-baritone, with Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Solo 'Cello: George Neikrug; Solo Cembalo: Bruno Walter. ML 4699.	
Moussorgsky-Ravel: Pictures At An Exhibition and Stravinsky: Firebird Suite.	The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. ML 4700.	Super Hi-Fi: rivals Ormandy's famous "Pathétique."
Benét: John Brown's Body. (Original cast recording.)	Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson, Raymond Massey. Adapted and directed by Charles Laughton. Music and effects by Walter Schumann. Choral director, Richard White. (2-12" LP). SL-181.	Superb stars recreate vibrant poetry of Benét's masterpiece.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat Major ("Eroica"), Op. 55.	Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. ML 4698.	A daringly new "Eroica."
Clair de Lune and Popular Favorites.	Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra. ML 4692.	A Kostelanetz table d'hote!
Chopin: Sonata No. 3 in B Minor, Op. 58; Barcarolle in F-Sharp Major, Op. 60; Nocturne No. 8 in D-Flat Major, Op. 27, No. 2; Mazurka No. 32 in C-Sharp Minor, Op. 50, No. 3.	Dinu Lipatti, piano. ML 4721.	Lipatti's legendary Chopin.
Castelnuovo-Tedesco: Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra. Ponce: Rondo On A Theme By F. Sor; and Sonatina Meridional; Villa-Lobos: Two Studies; Torroba: Arada and Danza; Turina: Fandanguillo.	Andrés Segovia, guitar, with Alec Sherman conducting the New London Orchestra. Andrés Segovia, guitar. ML 4732.	World's greatest guitar virtuoso in first class performances.
Scarlatti: Sonatas: E Major, Longo 23; A Major, Longo 395; D Major, Longo 411; G Major, Longo 387; B Minor, Longo 449; D Major, Longo 463. Rameau: Gavotte; Le Rappel des Oiseaux; Les Sauvages; Les Niais de Sologne.	Robert Casadesus, piano. ML 4695.	Casadesus' masterful Baroque style makes Scarlatti dance, finds hidden beauty in Rameau.
Hector Berlioz Overtures: Beatrice and Benedict — Overture; Judges of the Secret Court — Overture, Op. 3; Benvenuto Cellini — Overture, Op. 23; The Corsair — Overture, Op. 21.	Paul Kletzki conducting The Philharmonia Orchestra. (A low-price Columbia Entré Record.) RL 3071.	Rip roaring Hi-Fi Berlioz.

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Forty years ago a singing style breaking away from the traditions of a Bonci or Battistini inevitably had to give cause to adverse comments. But here Ruffo was in excellent company. Like Caruso and Chaliapin, he went beyond creating beautiful sound *per se*. To him singing was dramatic expression, with every phrase colored and shaded to convey a meaning. An easily accessible example of this is his recently issued "Gioconda" duet with Gigli (RCA Victor LCT 1004). What malice and irony is packed into the phrasing of the final "Buona fortuna," so vividly expressed in that inimitable musical sneer!

Through the maze of contradictory comments on Ruffo's acting, the baritone emerges as a striking—if at times an unsubtle—singing actor. His portrayal of Tonio did not end with the tremendous high G that concludes the "Prologue." It went on to create a figure that was "mournful, tragic, imbecilic, trembling on the verge of epilepsy, a condition portrayed with almost the accuracy of a clinic," according to Edward C. Moore in his "Forty Years of Opera in Chicago."

THIS was typical of the study and dedication with which he approached his roles.

There were traces of exhibitionism in his singing—interpolated high notes, showy cadenzas, occasional deviations from tempo to achieve an unusual effect. Critical reaction to these was justly unfavorable. Subsequent doubts about his musicianship, on the other hand, were highly exaggerated. Opera singers, as a rule, are not selfless interpreters of music, and Ruffo was no exception. But the transgressions were minor compared to the vocal accomplishments. Production of a beautiful tone is not a gift of nature and it cannot be taken for granted. It takes an artist and a musician to produce the kind of tone we hear in Ruffo's records, vibrant yet free of the controversial vibrato, with never an impure intonation or an improperly focused note.

The singer's autobiography tells us that his first recording session took place in 1897, a very early stage for both phonograph and singer. These early recordings—wax cylinders, undoubtedly—have disappeared without a trace. Eight years later, already an artist of established reputation with successful European and South American tours behind him, he recorded sixteen sides for Pathé. This rare group is mainly of curio interest. Judging by the examples the writer has heard, the Pathé recordings already showed Ruffo's vocal personality, but little of his control and polish. Yet, it was a bright promise from a singer of twenty-eight.

Promise turned to fulfilment with the first group of pressings made for G. & T. (1907-08). They show a vocal technique already fully developed, and a tone quality that was nearing perfection. Most significant among these recordings was the appearance of several scenes featuring the artist in his two favorite roles: Rigoletto and Hamlet. His Rigoletto was a powerful characterization without quite matching the widely admired portrayal of Renaud, according to the critics of the day. As Hamlet, however, Ruffo had no rival. When he was studying the role Victor Maurel, the great Hamlet of a bygone age, offered to coach him in it. Ruffo, with his characteristic pride and independence, politely but firmly declined the honor, preferring to develop his own conception. It turned out to be a characterization of which the artist could be justly proud. On records its strength and authority are clearly evident. The spectacular "Apparition Scene," short as it is, leaves the listener fairly stunned. No less remarkable are the vocal pyrotechnics of the "Drinking Song," while the moving and lyrical "Come il romito fior" is a fine example of legato singing.

The year 1912 marks Ruffo's first appearance in the United States as a member of the Chicago Opera Company. His Chicago successes are well remembered. A star attraction from his first appearance to his last, he filled the theatre with a throng of personal devotees like no other baritone. (The fees he commanded were likewise unprecedented.) It was in the same year that his first Victor records were issued, carrying his voice to places far beyond the reach of the Chicago troupe. They were enthusiastically received, and sold at such a rate that Victor rapidly followed the first issue with pressings of his earlier European masters. The acclaim was justified, for these selections show the singer at the peak of his vocal glory (1912-15). Such items as "Alla vita che t'arride" ("Masked Ball"), "Sei vendicata assai" ("Dinorah"), the "Zaza" arias, and that amazing display of vocal acrobatics, the unaccompanied "All'erta, Marinar" ("Africana") are on a particularly high level of excellence. It was in this period, too, that he recorded such conventional baritone fare as the "Prologue," "Largo al factotum," "Credo," and others, setting a vocal standard that is quite out of reach of present-day operatic competitors.

On January 8, 1914, Enrico Caruso and Titta Ruffo held their only joint recording session at Victor's Camden studios. The two vocal giants had previously sung together [illegible] and Buenos Aires, and greatly admired each other's art. At this stage of their respective careers, however, they evidenced no particular desire to appear together on the stage. Both artists had the prestige and authority to dominate any performance in which they participated. Both were accustomed to give all they had on all occasions. And both felt that the added pressure to try to outperform one another would have been excessive. Apparently the atmosphere of the recording studio gave rise to no such tensions. For it resulted in a definitive recorded performance of the Act II finale from "Otello." This recording has remained in the Victor catalogue ever since its first issue, and is presently available on LCT 1004. It remains the hope of phonophiles everywhere that the so far unpublished "Gioconda" duet, another memento of that memorable Camden meeting, will also some day be brought to light.

THE outbreak of World War I interrupted Ruffo's career, and the singer entered Italian military service. The disruption of his established pattern of activity and exposure to wartime conditions left a temporary mark on

—*Culver.*

Ruffo in "La Cena della Beffe."

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RESPIGHI: Pines of Rome	WL 5167
HAYDN: Military Symphony	WL 5045
PROKOFIEV: Lieut. Kije	WL 5031
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SEPTEMBER—1953

SOME OF THE FINEST RELEASES EVER OFFERED!

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RACHMANINOFF: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2 in C Minor. Edith Farnadi—Piano, Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, Conducted by Hermann Scherchen. WL 5193

BACH: Six English Suites. Reine Gianoli—Piano. WAL 306

BACH: Cello Suite No. 1 in G Major, Cello Suite No. 3 in C Major. Antonio Janigro—Cello. WL 5217

DE FALLA: Piano Music of De Falla (complete). José Echaniz—Piano. WL 5218

LISZT: Fifteen Hungarian Rhapsodies (complete). Edith Farnadi—Piano. WAL 213

BEETHOVEN: String Trio in C Minor Op. 9 No. 3, String Trio in D Major (Serenade) Op. 8. Jean Pougnet—Violin, Frederick Riddle—Viola, Anthony Pini—Cello. WL 5219

MENDELSSOHN: Quartet in E Flat Major Op. 12 No. 1, Quartet in D Major Op. 44 No. 1. Curtis String Quartet. WL 5220

Gypsy Songs, Vol. IV. Antal Kocze; King of the Gypsies and his Band. WL 3008

Austrian Folk Music. Deutschmeister Kapelle, Conducted by Julius Herrmann. WL 3009

Old English and French Music. Leslie Bridgewater and the Westminster Light Orchestra. WL 4007

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his vocal equipment. It was not until 1920 that he returned to regular operatic work and resumed recording.

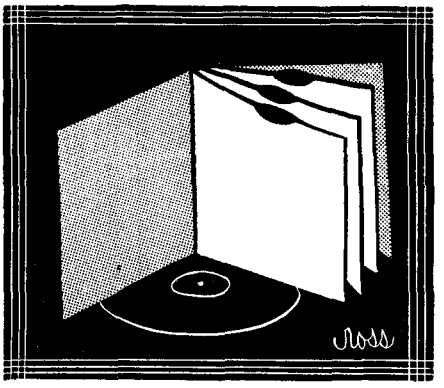
Ruffo's long awaited Metropolitan debut took place on January 19, 1922. Interestingly enough, Victor issued two selections each from "Ernani" and "Andrea Chenier" in this period (1920-23), two works in which the singer was prominent during his Metropolitan career. A number of Spanish songs were also issued during these years, and beamed toward the singer's devoted South American audience. Some of these recordings may show a hardly noticeable decline from the summit attained earlier, but such items as "Era la notte" ("Otello") and the later version of Hamlet's "Drinking Song" still rate with the very best. The Act II monologue from "Rigoletto" was also re-recorded in 1920. This version has been recently re-issued on RCA Victor LCT 1039.

BETWEEN 1926 and 1929 Ruffo made a few electrical recordings. The microphone, that maker of mountains out of vocal molehills, did not benefit the voice that had electric qualities of its own and was now fading after thirty years of unsparing use. Nevertheless, while far from the best Ruffo, his electrical recordings still require no apologies. His "Nemico della patria" ("Andrea Chenier") of 1929 vintage is vocally inferior to the earlier 1920 version, but benefits by a more life-like orchestral framework and remains an absorbing and dramatically convincing performance. (This selection is available on RCA Victor LCT 1006.)

Turning now to the singer's repertory, we find it adequately represented on records. Certain interesting portrayals—notably Boris Godounoff, Amonasro, and Telramund—remained unrecorded, but we have fine examples of such unhackneyed music as the aria from Rubinstein's "Demon" (sung in Russian), and excerpts from one of the two operas composed especially for Ruffo: Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo." The other, Leoncavallo's "Edipo Re," a one-acter tailor-made for Ruffo's dynamic stage manners and lung power, provided the artist with nearly a full hour of incessant storming and raving, but only occasional singing. Its score was evidently considered too violent for recording purposes.

The overwhelming majority of Ruffo records are sung in Italian. This includes his only excursion into the realm of the lied, "I due Granatieri." The selection was a happy one, for the rendition is superb and the Schumann song remains highly effective in the fine Italian translation. Ruffo was a master of diction. His singular gifts in this direction were commemorated by an interesting oddity of a record containing two spoken monologues from Shakespeare's "Hamlet," entitled "Essere o non essere" and "Apparizione."

Not counting his obsolete Pathés, Ruffo completed about 120 sides in a quarter century of recording. Only four of these are in the current domestic catalogue and all have been mentioned in the foregoing discussion.



Fanciers of his art may consider two interesting re-issues in the HMV Archive series. One of these, representing the artist in an early (1907) stage, features selections from Leoncavallo's "Chatterton" and Bellini's "I Puritani." The other contains two Italian art songs, recorded in 1929. But the largest source of Ruffo records continues to be the Italian "La Voce del Padrone" catalogue, with no less than twenty double-face records available at this writing. There remains for those who are interested the fascinating task of searching for out-of-print rarities in collectors' stores, antique shops, musty cellars, and dusty attics.

Ruffo's records are sought by singers as well as collectors today. Both groups would be happier if a larger number would be made available to them. Surely, a Ruffo/"Hamlet" or Ruffo/"Rigoletto" disc would be a worthy companion to the already existing Caruso/"Faust" and Chaliapin/"Boris" issues, as well as a fine tribute to the artist's memory.

The dynamic qualities in Ruffo's singing and acting were not accidental. They matched his temperamental, self-propelling personality. The singer was born in extreme poverty—never even attending school—and was self-taught in every way. He rose to the top with the drive and determination of a self-made man. His impulsive nature clashed with many a contemporary. Ruffo was not always right, but always true to his convictions. An ardent anti-Fascist, he preferred disfavor and obscurity during Mussolini's regime to courting official honors. He fought with impresarios, from his early stock-company days to his Metropolitan period, over matters of repertory and, frequently, money. Purists took exception to his vigorous singing style and innovations. Many of his colleagues resented his vast popular appeal. Indeed, Titta Ruffo made few people completely happy. Few, that is, except the thousands who applauded him from Petrograd to Rio de Janeiro, and the new generation of thousands who listen to the recorded echo of his tremendous voice.

Fonotipia Catalogue

JUST fifty years ago the first company exclusively devoted to serious music on records was organized in Milan. It was called the Societa Italiana di Fonotipia, and among the directors were Baron Frédéric d'Erlanger, composer and banker; Viscount Modrone, president of La Scala; Tito Ricordi, the music publisher; and Umberto Giordano, the composer.

With men of this caliber in command of its affairs, the Fonotipia Company soon amassed an operatic catalogue of wide scope and high artistic assay. Although Fonotipia discs did not always enjoy the worldwide circulation of the ubiquitous Red Seals, they were certainly of commensurate quality.

A British enthusiast, J. R. Bennett, has recently compiled a complete catalogue of Fonotipia records, which is published by The Record Collector Shop, 61 Fore St., Ipswich, Suffolk, England, and sells for $2, postpaid. Mr. Bennett's listing is numerical, beginning with the first record Fonotipia issued (a selection by the baritone Mario Mario Sammarco) and continuing through to the electrical recordings issued in the late Twenties. It serves as a fine memorial to a great company, and will be of much practical use to collectors of old records. —R. G.

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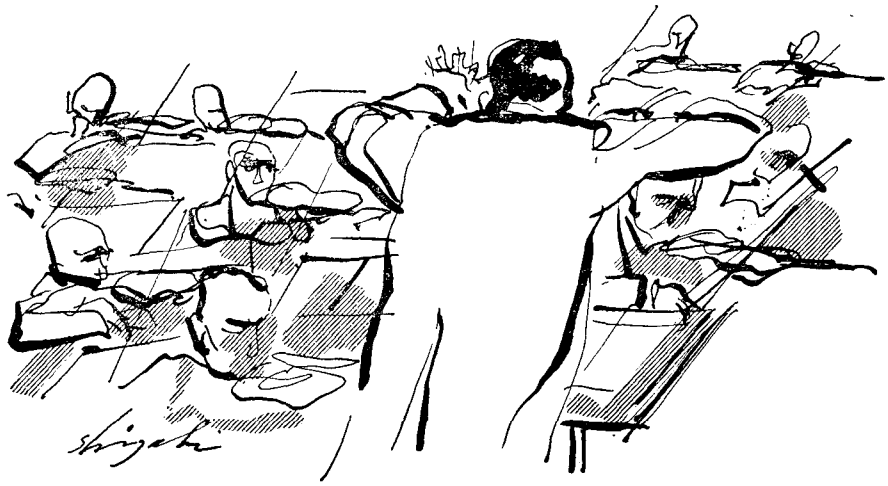

Report on Rome

By IRVING KOLODIN

IF YOU come to Rome and behave according to the time-honored formula, you will spend more than a little time gaping at the numerous shop windows showing the kind of merchandise familiar in almost every hamlet of the United States, but still something of a novelty in this capital. The 33's and the 45's are apparently come to stay in Italy, and the familiar devices are evident in mostly familiar design. Tape and wire recorders are also displayed in the luxury shops, some even bearing the trade name of Webster-Chicago.

However, I was struck by one implement of unfamiliar design and obscure usage. It was obviously some form of musical product, since one side of a plastic case bore the name of such a work as Corelli's "Christmas Concerto" or Haydn's "Theresien Messe." The first thought was that it was a container for 45-rpm discs, for the squared-off box was about seven inches on each side, thick enough to contain perhaps a dozen of the familiar vinylite wafers stacked on each other like kippers in their galvanized can.

Further examination, however, disclosed a recessed hole in the bottom, suitable for mating with some kind of cog. And then one noticed an aperture on one side from which a half-inch width of red plastic material could be drawn. The mystery was finally resolved by a demonstration in which the stuff was drawn through a system of heads such as one sees on a tape-reproducer, and a decent resemblance to good musical sound was heard.

Further investigation produced the fact that this was not magnetic tape, as it first appeared to be, but a form of recording on film. Likewise, the reproductive element involves direct contact with the film, introducing a certain amount of friction—apt to result in some degree of noise, though probably minute—and with questionable effect on durability.

However, the absorbing ingenuity of the system had to do with its ready adaptability for discs of all sizes and speeds. The basic spindle will accommodate either the "squared-off box" to which I referred, or a compact seven-inch turntable-motor can be substituted for it, the pickup swung into place, and records played with no further adaptation. Taking one up and putting the other down is hardly more effort than changing a record. And since the film is easily graspable—it is flexible, but with enough body to avoid snarling—it can be looped over the playing head in a matter of seconds. Certainly, if you can change a typewriter ribbon you could operate this variable-length record material with a few minutes' practice. There is, of course, no "erase" feature, eliminating one of the hazards commonly—if erroneously—associated with conventional tape reproducers.

How much of a future this German product of the Tefi Company of Cologne has in Italy would be hard to say. The grandiose job I saw, embodying an all-wave radio with cabinet of shiny wood and mirror-lined side compartments that flashed lights when opened (seemingly more suitable for storing cocktail glasses than discs), goes for 200,000 lire—well over $300 in direct exchange, and of course vastly more in the Italian economy. However, the actual player in a *cassetta portatile* can be had for 71,000 lire (nearly $120, anyway). As much of the recorded material as appeared familiar seemed to be drawn from the Vox catalogue.

THE general future of the record industry in Italy has a brighter look than it has had for some time,. Materials are a problem, of course, and the cost of importing them adds to the price to the consumer, already. high by Italian standards—and actually more than comparable matter commands in the United States. For example, the Toscanini version of Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies, which is $11 at home, is 18,000 lire (approximately $28) in Italy.

Nevertheless, RCA Victor is proceeding with the construction of a plant on the outskirts of Rome which will house six double record presses—as a starter—in addition to space for the assembly of radio and television sets. This is one of a chain of similar structures going up in Madrid and planned for Athens in which the American parent, through progeny organized locally, intends to process masters imported from the United States. It parallels similar RCA Victor developments in such other parts of the world as Canada, Argentina, Mexico, and Brazil.

The underlying factor—of more than casual interest to those who follow the inimitable quirks of the record business—is that the old-time relationship with "His Master's Voice" of England is not what it used to be. In Italy, for example, they will be in direct, if not mortal, competition. RCA Victor has granted to its offshoot, Radio e Telivisione Italiane, complete access to its American-created masters. In fact, one hears that the Toscanini First and Ninth previously mentioned were issued by HMV in violation of its current agreements with RCA. Company sources won't confirm. But they won't deny. As a final commentary on the new facts of record life, the "dog"—the immortal, indestructible "Nipper"—will be absent from RCA's Italian products. For local purposes, he belongs exclusively and permanently to HMV's kennel.

Piecing together several fragments of the situation, one can see that these new arrangements will be a spur for RCA Victor in the United States to produce more and better material for worldwide sale. The Toscanini literature, of course, is of pris-

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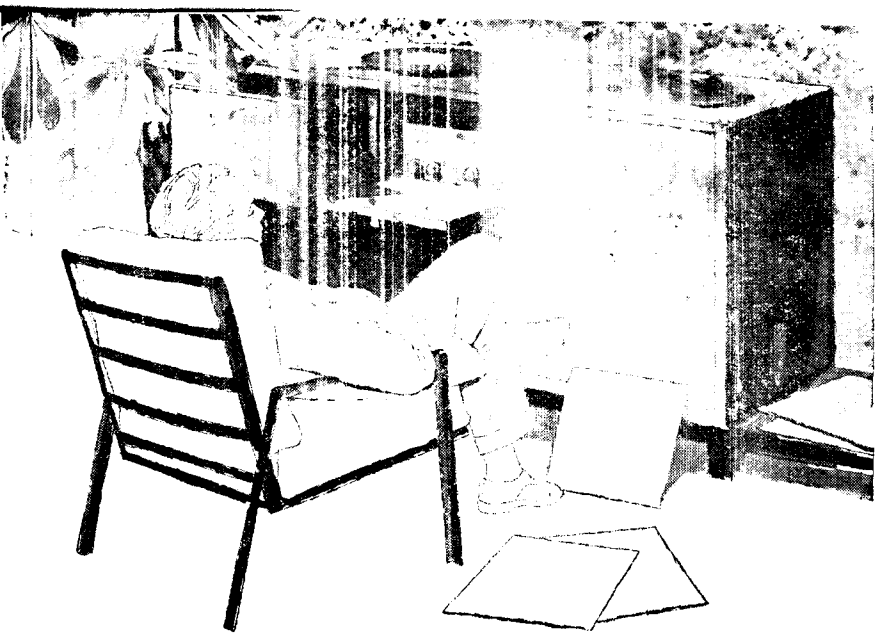
the more of it RCA creates the more it has to sell through its *own* new affiliates. Likewise, such operas as "Rigoletto," "Carmen," and the forthcoming "Pagliacci"-"Cavalleria" pairing.

The reader may reasonably ask: "Why shouldn't these operas be made in Italy for Italians, then sold in America in the old way?" I haven't got all the bookkeeping answers, but it seems plain that it is easier to transport singers to New York, or take advantage of their Metropolitan engagements, for recording purposes than to establish studios, train technicians, etc., locally. For all the expense of union costs in America, the capital investment is doubtless more manageable.

OTHERWISE, a record fancier scanning the window displays, or the interior stacks, of a shop in Rome would encounter much with which he is familiar—even as he does in Paris, Aix, or Munich—though with altered art work and new variants of prominence in the billing. Benny Goodman's familiar face, flanked by clarinet, is omnipresent in the Philips reissue of the "Carnegie Hall Concert" of 1938. Omnipresent also is the lengthy commentary, in the same English written by this same writer, for the original Columbia issue. Lots more of Columbia's classical catalogue is evident under the Philips banner. London has much to show in Italy (which is tied to sterling, economically). The domestic labels are rather recessive in this southern area, though the story may be otherwise in Milan, where much of that production is centered.

Going about from country to country, one gathers information of forthcoming record issues like lint on a wool suit. By special dispensation of Petrillo, Eugene Ormandy was allowed to conduct a recording with Casals in Prades—which may be a straw-in-the-wind concerning other American conductors. In Rome the team of Victor Olof and Arthur Haddy has just wrapped a new "Pagliacci" made with the orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Mario del Monaco pitching. From Bayreuth, where these final lines are being added, the festival "Lohengrin" will be available "auf Decca (Teldec)-Schallplatten"—which means London in America. If it parallels the performance heard yesterday, it will feature gorgeous orchestral sound under the direction of Joseph Keilberth, and often excellent singing by a cast including Eleanor Steber, Astrid Varnay, Wolfgang Windgassen, Josef Greindl, and Gerold Weber.



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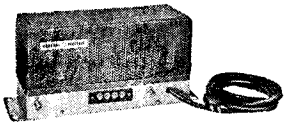

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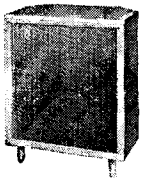

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The Two Bartóks

By ARTHUR BERGER

WHEN Bartók's "Contrasts" appeared on 78 rpm over a decade ago it was a recording landmark. Those were lean days for contemporary composers where recording opportunities were concerned. One would thumb through a catalogue from Bach to Beethoven without being conscious of anything much in between. The first two quartets and assorted piano pieces were all there were to keep record collectors informed of the progress of one of our big creative figures. That is why it was significant around 1940 when to this meager list was added a newly completed work recorded for Columbia by no less distinguished a trio than Szigeti, Benny Goodman, and the composer.

We have come a long way since, and with the Bartók list elongated as it is today it would scarcely seem necessary to do much more than note briefly that Bartók Records gets credit for the first LP version of "Contrasts" (Bartók 916, $5.95) and that Columbia has followed it up promptly by transposing its 78-rpm version to the new speed to meet (or so it would seem) the competition (ML 2213, $4). In the steady flow of Bartók recordings from the factories this is something to take as a matter of course, and one more indication of that abundance is the appearance, also within the last few months, of two recordings of the sonata for violin unaccompanied. For this is the work coupled with "Contrasts" on the Bartók LP and it is also on two sides of a London ten-incher (LS 711, $4.95). Neither of these is the first LP version, since Menuhin, who commissioned the work, recorded it some years ago for RCA Victor.

In view of the superb results achieved by Bartók Records, both as concerns reproduction and performance, it would be unfair to limit ourselves here to just a few words of eulogy. It is important to underline the fact that though the young musicians responsible for these admirable readings were confronted with high standards in the earlier recordings of both "Contrasts" and the violin sonata, they have met the challenge thoroughly. Too often we pay lip service to the assumption that a celebrity must, of necessity, do better than someone not so exalted. Robert Mann, violin, Stanley Drucker, clarinet, and Leonid Hambro, piano, are none of them "name artists" in the sense that Szigeti, Goodman, and Menuhin are. Yet all three of these young men are capable of holding their own in the company of the others. They have even profited from some of the limitations of the earlier readings, for even the top virtuosos may falter. Moreover, it takes several different readings and a period of absorption and trial and error before the ideal mode of performance for almost any given new work is approximated. Szigeti, Goodman, and Bartók have, as interpreters, their individual traits which we may enjoy; I do not mean to discredit the old recording as a means of praising the new one. But the young players also have their individuality, which takes the form of a certain youthful exuberance. Characteristic of modern youth, they are more conscious of recording principles, and I think I detect in them a keen sense of the balances that are conducive, in this highly recalcitrant blending of violin and clarinet, to the best reproduction. The engineers did the rest, placing the Columbia LP at a decided disadvantage.

Acoustically, the Menuhin recording too suffers much by comparison, and Mann's reading is noticeably more secure and poised. I have always been troubled by Menuhin's failure to articulate the answering voices in the fugue in such a way that the first two notes would have the same incisive, detached quality as in the original statement of the subject. Not only does Mann set us right on this detail, but he paces the fugue faster, much to its advantage. Mann, the first violinist of the Juilliard Quartet, which has been justly extolled for its recordings of all the Bartók quartets, knows how to apply the precise colors to sustain the extraordinary atmosphere of this composer's music. He does not stint on rhetorical pauses that are notated in the score and he sustains lines beautifully. There is urgency, too, in his reading. Wandy Tworkin, whose name is new to me, is a violinist of no small facility, and his performance of the sonata on the London LP has a gypsy abandon appropriate to its improvisatory style. I was glad to see that he did not make Menuhin's error in the fugue, but his reading falls considerably short of Mann's.

For my taste, the Bartók LP of "Contrasts" is worth the higher price of a twelve-inch disc if only for the violin sonata, which is more distinguished coupling than the early "Portrait," No. 1, and the folkish Rhapsody, No. 1, played by Szigeti on the reverse side of the Columbia LP. The sonata, rather than the trio, is the real musical substance of the disc. Neither work needs any introduction at this date, but the antipathy between them that becomes so very apparent when they are placed so close together sets in motion a train of thought in which we may be more lucid today than a decade ago, when both works were new. How is one to account for this double life that Bartók maintained in his music, shifting so drastically from the merely titillating, though resourceful, play on folk matter to the inwardness and scope of the sonata? It is a shift we find him making many times, occasionally even in the same work.

VIRTUALLY every composer of our century who has to any substantial degree had recourse to folk music for inspiration has come up from time to time with pieces that are no more ambitious, if more artfully executed, than the arrangements found in the average collections of folk dances or songs. But these pieces are more or less byproducts of the broader aim of distilling from the raw material in public domain a legitimate and pliable language for what may be called, for want of a better way to describe it, a composer's "more serious" style. The exercise a composer gets, while he writes these pieces, in coping directly with demotic sources enables him to understand them better.

But it is in proceeding from this stage, in assimilating the sources into his total idiom, that a composer attains the level of his important contribution. Thus it was that the folk heritage of Russia served merely as a portal for Stravinsky, up, at least, to 1923; and such, similarly, has been the function of British folk music for Vaughan Williams, or that of Provence for Milhaud. Copland's idiom is so thoroughly saturated with American folk influences, and jazz as an essential part of them, that even a work with the reputation of being so "abstract" as the Piano Variations conveys a certain aura of the colloquial, thoroughly transformed and apotheosized though it may be. Doubtless the experts can point to linear contours, modalities, melodic intervals, and rhythmic patterns derived from Bartók's intensive investigation of

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...s representative works. Perhaps, too, as we become better acquainted with Bartók's vast output, we may apprehend some of these characteristics in passages that now seem related, if distantly, to the contemporary chromaticists rather than to folk sources. But this awareness will not alter materially the impression we have now that when Bartók taps folk materials he does so with a vengeance, and when he writes in his other style he leaves them quite far behind. By contrast, other composers of his stature who have also come under the influence of folklore have drawn much more closely to a fusion.

No purveyor of folk music, of course, has been more prolific than Bartók, who presented the rare combination of scholar, field-worker, and sensitive artist, and achieved an arranger's style as authentic as it is charming. But as with any commodity, flooding the market makes for devaluation, and the mere ease with which it may be processed in mass tells us something of its inner simplicity. "Contrasts" is more substantial and ingenious, to be sure, than the bulk of Bartók's folkish pieces. It is stylishly scored and its structure is not haphazard. But coming back to it after some time, I find it has given me about all the entertainment that it is capable of imparting. Moreover, my tolerance for Bartók's folk vein has been impaired by his many pieces in that vein which I have heard in the meantime. A sheaf of those pieces —no less than forty—entitled "For Children," Vol. 1, is, as a matter of fact, ready at hand in a current piano recording of Menahem Pressler (M-G-M E 3009, $3). These are only a very, very modest portion of the total supply. And there are even some more of them on the current list, performed in very reliable fashion by Ilona Kabos somewhat in the spirit of a set of encores to a program of piano works by Hungary's two leading musical lights that has as its meat Kodály's "Piano Pieces," Opus 11 (Bartók LP 917, $5.95).

The difference between this folk vein and Bartók's most profound and provocative style goes far beyond being simply one of mood or content. It is more like the difference between a "Hit Parade" song and a Bach fugue. I am perfectly aware of treading on controversial ground, but I feel we should all be fortified against the danger of assuming that because Bartók is the composer of both "Contrasts" and the unaccompanied violin sonata, the same level or type of attention and interest is to be exacted from the listener for the one as for the other.

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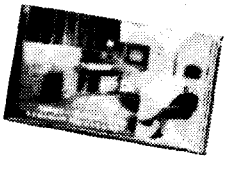

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The Authentic Version

By OSCAR BRAND

THERE IS A good possibility that John Jacob Niles's new LP albums (Boone-Tolliver BTR22 and BTR23, $4 each) will turn the folk-music world upside-down—which may well be what the folk-music world needs.

The upheaval will not be caused by Niles's singing, though he does sound as if he had spent the afternoon at a local ball game ruining his vocal cords. It's the jacket notes that carry the devastating punch. Printed in clear black and white is the following statement: "We have carefully indicated what is composition, what is adaptation, what is traditional material pure and simple." In other words, the admission is made that many of Niles's songs are not "authentic." To compound this shock, the statement is followed by the warning, "All this material is fully protected by copyright and may not be reproduced in any manner or form without written permission . . ."

Another album of songs which has just been released will add to the excitement. In his introduction to "Folk Songs of Newfoundland" (Folkways FP831, $4.45) singer Alan Mills reveals that the songs are "homemade" and that "in many cases the authors of the songs are known and some of them are still very much alive." Again, a few of the songs are protected by copyright.

And so the secret is out. Strong men will blanch and women grow faint to learn that new folk songs are being written on all sides. What will happen to the common belief that folk songs are created not by people, but by amorphous conglomerations known as "social groups"? How will the public weather the traumatic impact of the revelation that America's most respected folk singers have been rewriting the old songs or making up new ones to conform to the requirements of recording and radio, to audience expectation, or just to personal caprice?

What hero will dare hum "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" when he discovers that Burl Ives, not some anonymous hobo, arranged much of the music to the best-known version? Who will feel free to sing the last verses of "The Lincolnshire Poacher" or "The Eddystone Light" knowing that Richard Dyer-Bennet is the author? And what wringing of hands will greet John Jacob Niles's proclamation that he is the author of "Go Away from My Window," the composer of "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair," and that he wrote "I Wonder as I Wander" with no help from the folk-song tradition save three bare lines recited by a young lady in Kentucky?

I can hear the gentle legalist inquiring, "And how does one copyright a folk song?" All that is necessary to transfer a song from public domain to private ownership is proof of "a substantial change." John Allison wedded his own music to well-known American Revolutionary songs and, lo, they were his. If one sings the chorus—a later addition—of "Casey Jones," one is expected to pay homage and royalty to Shapiro, Bernstein, and Company.

The copyrighter is allowed twenty-eight years of ownership and another twenty-eight years after renewal. As a result, such old favorites as "Happy Birthday to You" and "Home on the Range" are still not public property. The many artists who recorded the lyric "Venezuela" discovered afterwards that remuneration was due its prolific composer—to wit, John Jacob Niles.

Why have honored folk singers perpetrated this "hoax" on the unsuspecting public? Why have they rewritten the grand old ballads or created grand new ballads in the old style? Well, they've merely followed the pattern of the past. Folk songs live by change. The "authentic version," recorded or printed in a folio, is like a butterfly pinned for exhibition. Captured in the moment of beauty, it may fade with time and never reproduce its loveliness.

New songs are written as circumstances require. The test of time and continued usage must be applied before a song can be considered "traditional," but folk-music fans are well known for their patience and fortitude. They are learning that a song needn't be sung always as it was sung the first time they heard it. The comment "That's not the way it goes" will be left to classical musicians and popular-music fans.

The final judgment must be based on the artistic merits of the song and the performance. Each balladeer's reputation rests on his ability to entertain the many-headed mass which is the audience. Alan Mills fulfils the lively intentions of the bards who are writing the new folk songs of Newfoundland. John Jacob Niles writes and sings his own material in the practised tradition of the old minstrels.

—*George Kossuth*

John Jacob Niles—"weird, hoarse falsetto."

THE Newfoundland songs lack the power and breadth of the Niles collection. They seem a little shiny and self-conscious, as if a few years of singing would make them wear better. Where Niles's balladry soars, the Mills songs merely bounce. But they have a vibrant sauciness that presages a long life. Alan Mills is Canada's favorite folk singer, and he brings a fine resounding voice to the singing that fits the muscular music of the Newfoundland fisherfolk.

The weird, hoarse falsetto of John Jacob Niles adds a strange power to some of his renditions. It heightens the dramatic intensity of the ballads "Mattie Groves" and "Barbery Allen." In a few of the songs, however, the queer delivery often overpowers the material, as in "The Lass from the Low Country" and "Oh, Waly, Waly." Yet listening to Niles is a fascinating experience. Certainly, no one will be bored.

The historian is welcome to his frozen folk songs. They help reveal the motives and aspirations of a bygone day and often they may prove entertaining in a contemporary setting. But the Nileses and the Millses are welcome too, for as they sing the new songs and refashion the old they support the practice of balladry as a living, breathing art.

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Good Value

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When Thomas Heinitz in one of his regular monthly reports from London deplored the tendency shown by a section of the record-buying public "to judge the worth of a disc largely by its playing time," he set off a chain reaction of comments from* SR *readers both pro and con. Several of those comments have appeared in previous issues. Here Mr. Heinitz replies to some of his critics.*

MY REMARKS concerning LP economics [*SR* April 25] seem to have stirred up a miniature hornets' nest. To be frank, I would have thought that *SR* readers, who have lived with LP far longer than music-lovers in this country, had long ago discarded the playing-time yardstick when choosing their records. My work brings me into constant daily contact with music-lovers of far from unlimited means, just like readers Glaberman and Rudyard, and I spend much of my time advising such music-lovers how to spend their money wisely.

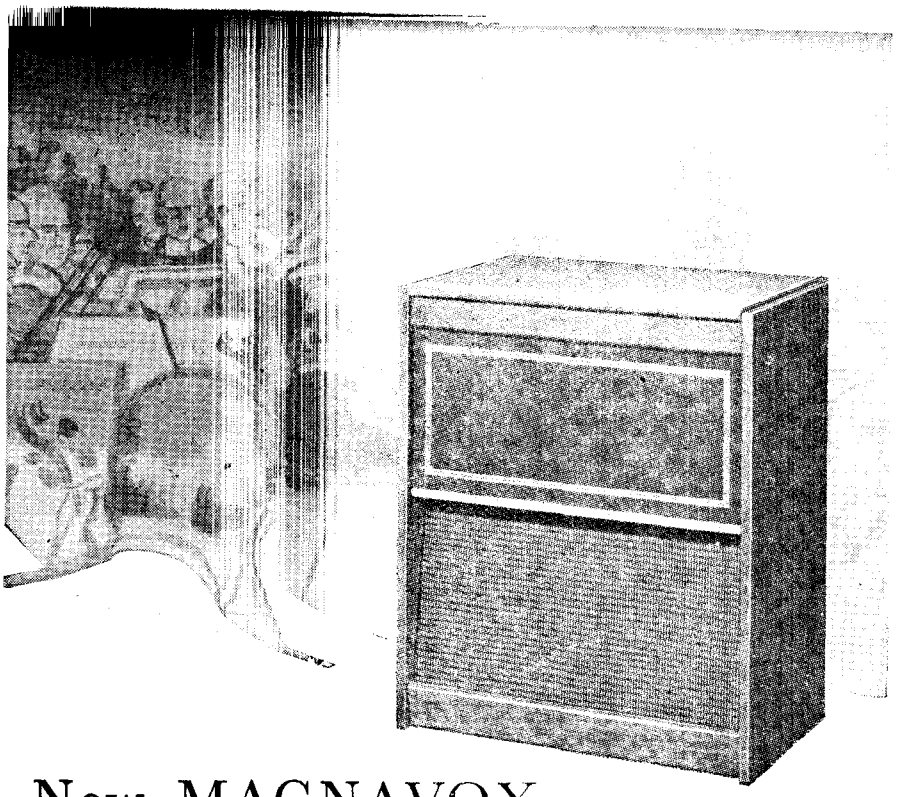
I do feel, however, that the playing time of an LP disc is a very secondary consideration. What matters, surely, is the music, the quality of the performance, and the excellence (or otherwise) of the recording. We shall be led badly astray once we begin to measure the worth of a record by any other yardstick.

Let us take an example: Furtwängler applies excessively slow tempi in Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, yet this does not make his disc a more attractive buy than a performance by Mr. X, who takes five minutes less and whose recording might, conceivably, have been squeezed onto a ten-inch disc. To be logical, those who attach undue importance to playing-time should also jib at having to pay the same admission prices for a performance of "La Bohème" as for one of "Die Meistersinger." Further still, why should we pay as much for a record of a Sonata played by pianist Y as we do for a Concerto played by Y with the assistance of a large orchestra under a celebrated conductor? These, surely, are deep and perilous waters, and I feel that it is the reviewer's job to steer clear of them.

A record which I regard as "good value" is one which the purchaser will enjoy to the full, and it follows that if he does so he will want to play it more often. I should always choose Toscanini's Ninth in preference to Kleiber's because I prefer the performance, not because it brings with it a "bonus" in the form of the First Symphony; I would also choose Walter's performance of "Das Lied von der Erde" because I should want to hear this lovely three-sided recording far more often than the rather rough two-sided Klemperer version.

THOMAS HEINITZ.

London, England.



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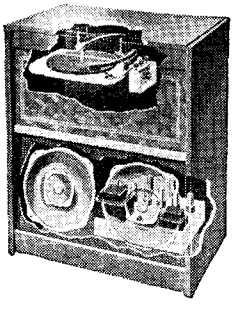

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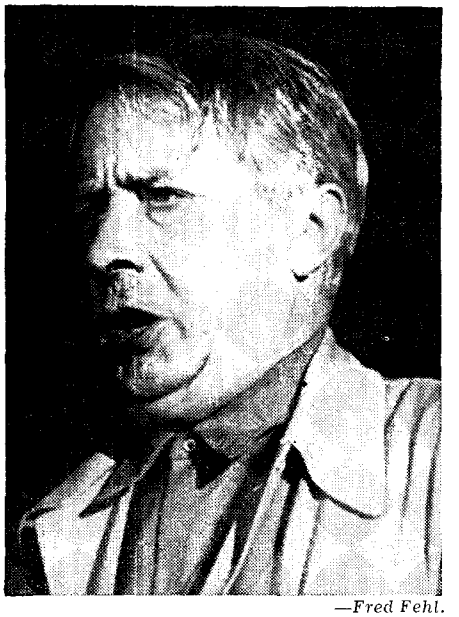
Recordings in Review

Some Enchanted Music

BERLIOZ: *"Romeo and Juliet" Symphony. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Margaret Roggero, contralto, Leslie Chabay, tenor, Yi-Kwei-Sze, bass, the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society.* (RCA Victor LM 6011, $11.14.)

IN HIS perceptive commentary accompanying this first complete recording of the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony, Jacques Barzun observes that "it is the only large work of Berlioz's . . . which makes me feel that I want nothing different, nothing removed, nothing shorter, longer, or in another place." By the same token, it is the one large-scaled Berlioz score which sustains in its totality the imposing poetry present in isolated excerpts. The same cannot be said of other works by Berlioz. In the "Damnation of Faust," for instance, the nimble invention of the "Danses des Sylphes" and the "Menuet des Follets" does not course through the entire score; neither does the atmospheric bewitchery of "The Royal Hunt and Storm" pervade the whole of "Les Troyens." But in "Romeo and Juliet" Berlioz never lets his listeners down. From beginning to end it lives up to the lofty promise of the "Queen Mab" Scherzo or the "Scène d'amour"—which is to say that it is a masterpiece and one of the monuments of Western music.

Toscanini's recording of excerpts from "Romeo" with the NBC Symphony and Munch's similar effort with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (for London) included, between them, most of the purely orchestral passages in the score. But they omitted all of the vocal sections; that is, the whole of the Prologue, where Berlioz introduces the thematic material he is to develop later on, and the whole of the Finale, where he crowns his "dramatic symphony" with a hymn of reconciliation, much as Beethoven, sixteen years earlier, had ended his Ninth Symphony with an ode to joy. They omitted too the poignant Funeral March, for chorus and orchestra, and the bizarre, but marvelously effective, orchestral fantasia entitled "Romeo at the Tomb of the Capulets," compounded of the half-statements, the suddenly twisting string whiplashes, and the blaring brass invocations which Berlioz so delighted in. This is not to deprecate the beauties of the previously recorded excerpts, but merely to notify the unsuspecting that there is much more to "Romeo and Juliet" than has heretofore been offered on records.



—*Fred Fehl.*

Charles Munch—"long-delayed triumph."

For Charles Munch this is an impressive and long-delayed triumph after a series of false starts in which RCA Victor cast him in roles for which he was indifferently suited. Ever since his first appearances here with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, he has been recognized as a Berlioz interpreter of uncommon gifts, a conductor extraordinarily responsive to the rise and fall of this composer's unique rhetoric, and possessed of an unerring ear for his kaleidoscopic scoring. Never has Munch's identification with the Berlioz idiom been more brilliantly defined than in this recording. From the turbulent eddies of the Introduction to the ringing asseveration of the final chorus, it carries the commanding imprint of a conductor who knows what to ask for and how to get it. Needless to say, the virtuosity of the Boston Symphony requires no endorsement; however, it has seldom been given such an opportunity to show off its sparkling contours. The soloists and chorus do not reach quite the same heights of accomplishment, though their work is always adequate and occasionally—as in Leslie Chabay's trippingly sung "Mab! la messagère"—distinguished.

Considering the unusual proportions of this work, both in the number of performers and in the variety of sounds they produce, RCA Victor's engineers must have experienced more than the normal quota of difficulties; nonetheless, they have obtained a recording of remarkable balance and presence. I am not sure that it embodies the Ideal Dynamic Range Suitable for Home Listening, which is one of the principal virtues claimed for the "new orthophonic recording technique." The neighbors may find the resounding, crackling fortissimos with which this recording abounds anything but ideal; high-fidelity enthusiasts, however, will relish them unreservedly.

More Light on Oistrakh

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto in D. David Oistrakh, violin, with Alexander Gauk conducting USSR State Radio Orchestra.* (Concert Hall CHS 1303, $5.95.)

DVORAK: *Concerto in A minor. Oistrakh, violin, with Kiril Kondrashin conducting USSR State Orchestra.* (Vanguard VRS 6016, $5.95.)

THE news of David Oistrakh's concerts in Paris earlier this year has stimulated rumors that he may soon be allowed to venture across the Atlantic. How soon it will be, if ever, that Carnegie Hall is placarded with his name remains to be seen. Meanwhile we can hear the forty-five-year-old Soviet violinist at second hand through an accumulating recorded literature originating in the USSR. Two additions to the Oistrakh repertoire have come to hand this month. They reinforce a previous impression that he is a violinist embodying most of the virtues and few of the vices of the Russian school: a virtuoso who can lay claim to a big, brilliant tone, an acute rhythmic sense, a powerful and encompassing musical temperament, and who avoids the excessive vibrato and scooping that sometimes have accompanied and vitiated these worthy characteristics.

Considered as total performances, the Dvorak Concerto comes off the more successfully of the two. Messrs. Oistrakh and Kondrashin succeed in whipping this diffuse, rambling score into a coherent whole without at the same time sacrificing a jot of loose-jointed Slavic panache. The conductor elicits a fine Dvorakian sound from his orchestra, and Oistrakh negotiates the skips and leaps of his part with the aplomb born of technical security and innate musical vitality.

That aplomb is evident in the Beethoven Concerto as well, but not the same happy meeting of minds between soloist, conductor, and composer. Oistrakh clearly needs a firmer personality in control to keep him from straying off into rallentandos of his

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a more rigorous over-all direction to keep his musical structure from sagging. Even so, there are enough scattered nuggets in Oistrakh's performance—particularly in the buoyantly bowed rondo—to make one anticipate the day when he can be heard in this work under more favorable circumstances.

Considered as sound reproductions, these discs are among the best to have emanated from the USSR, which is to say that they are several notches below the best work being done in the studios of New York, London, or Vienna, but adequately listenable nonetheless. In this respect, too, the Dvorak has a slight edge over the Beethoven.

From K.46 to K.614

MOZART: *String Quintets (complete). Pascal String Quartet with Walter Gerhard, viola.* (Concert Hall CHS 1185-8, $23.80.)

LISTENERS partial to the vigorous and incisive playing of the Budapest-Katims ensemble in this literature may find the Pascal-Gerhard group a bit subdued. But there is more than one valid philosophy of Mozartian interpretation, and the path of cool, polished restraint which the French players follow is hardly one to be deprecated. Certainly, they are guilty of no blatant stylistic trespasses, and they are the only ones to date who have recorded the Mozart quintets *in toto*.

Among the previously unrecorded items, there was a special interest attached to the Quintet in B flat, K.46, a work which—despite its low Köchel number—is nothing less than an arrangement, for strings, of four movements from the fragrant Serenade in B flat, K.361, for thirteen wind instruments. However, the transition from one musical medium to another proved disappointing. Passages which speak exalted poetry when sounded by an inspired blending of winds seem dull and prosaic when translated to strings. Whether Mozart did the arranging is matter for scholarly conjecture, but it is evident in any case that his musical substance is heard to far better effect in K.361 than in K.46.

—ROLAND GELATT.

"Il Pastor Fido"—in Part

A THREE-ACT Handel opera on one twelve-inch record (Columbia ML-4685, $5.45)? It hardly seems possible. First, therefore, one reads the unsigned notes on the record jacket. But they are far from clear. Is this, for example, a complete recording or an editor's scissors-and-paste job? Deponent sayeth not. Is it the 1712 version of "Il Pastor Fido," of which London supported only six performances, or is it the revised version of 1734 (and if it is the latter, where is the chorus)? The jacket-note merely states that the 1734 revision was made by Handel for the purpose of "adding to it some ensemble numbers and generally improving the music." Whose arrangement have we here, and how does it manage the two roles written by Handel for castrati? No answer. Is the continuo performed on the harpsichord, as it should be, or inappropriately on a piano? No answer: merely "Gino Smart, Continuo." These notes will not help; they will not even give us the Italian text as sung. Let's listen to the record—and look at the scores, 1712 and 1734, in the Handel-Gesellschaft edition.

Right off we hear Genevieve Warner singing "Fato crudo, Amor severo," a very charming Handelian aria belonging to Mirtillo, the opera's hero. Miss Warner is excellent, and if the others reach her standard, this will be one of the few really well-sung Handel operas on records. Suddenly we are faced with answers to two of our questions. Unmistakably there is a piano here—and this is not only the 1712 version of the opera, but a drastically cut singing of that. For immediately after "Fato crudo, Amor severo" our Mirtillo should go on to a recitative and another aria, "Augelletti, ruscelletti," neither of which is here. One way of getting all of a three-act opera on one record is just to leave out a lot of it.

Miss Warner is a delight whenever she is allowed to sing one of the arias Handel composed (or borrowed) for Mirtillo. None of the other singers seems to have a very clear notion of Handelian style or of the character being portrayed. And then, defeating Lehman Engel's practised conducting, there is always the conspicuous, undesirable sound of that piano. By the end of "Act III" it has become evident that this record is really just a collection of excerpts from the 1712 version of "Il Pastor Fido." I count as major omissions (I overlook the absence of numerous recitatives that give the plot some sense, and of one orchestral excerpt) three arias each for Mirtillo, Eurilla, and Dorinda, two for Silvio, and one for Amarilli.

THE publishers of inexpensive paperbound reprints of books are required to print plain statements about any excisions or other tamperings with the texts of the books they reprint. I do not see why recording companies should not voluntarily do the same service to the prospective purchaser. Handelians, of whom I happily count myself one, believe that a well-performed, complete version of one of Handel's best operas (arranged only the inescapable minimum) would astonish and delight today's listeners. This recording of "Il Pastor Fido" is intermittently pleasant listening; but it is not often much more. It could astonish no one but Handel.

I am not saying that recording excerpts from an opera is an immoral, or even a reprehensible, act. But full candor would have required that the notes for Columbia ML-4685 should contain a statement something like this: "In March 1952 the New Friends of Music presented at Town Hall, New York, a concert version of 'Il Pastor Fido,' 1712 version, made up of what so-and-so considered to be manageable high spots. It contained thirty-nine numbers from the score, and included nothing added in the second, 1734, version. We have recorded a large part of that 1952 performance, with the cast intact except for the solo cellist. The continuo is played on a piano. Do not judge Handel's opera from this recording, for much of it is not here; just sit back and enjoy these fragments, some of which are winning, charming, even powerful, in peculiarly Handelian ways. We did not even try to look up castrati for the roles of Mirtillo and Silvio (human males can no longer be gelded legally), but we think that you will not mind, especially as Genevieve Warner is a sensitive interpreter and a beautiful singer, though we do not pretend that she sounds like a man, or even like a castrato. As for the rest of the cast, they all do their very best." —HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach-Liszt: Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, Prelude and Fugue in A minor, etc. Gyorgy Sandor, piano. Columbia ML 4684, $5.45.	Now that the battle for Bach on the organ and harpsichord has been won, purists no longer have reason to boggle at the very mention of Bach-Liszt. Today we can appreciate these transcriptions for what they are: big, brilliant noisemakers in the grand nineteenth-century manner, though no substitute for the efforts of Messrs. Schweitzer, Biggs, and company. Sandor plays with appropriate steel-fingered vigor—almost as if his name were Sandow.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 1 in C. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, with Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster WL 5209, $5.95.	Young Badura-Skoda is on happier terrain here than in the G major and "Emperor" concertos previously issued. He combines high rhythmic polish with good-natured brio, and Scherchen responds with an orchestral accompaniment of ingratiating dash and light, brittle texture. All concerned sound as if they were enjoying themselves hugely—and what more could one ask for in this work?
Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 ("Emperor") Elly Ney, piano, with Karl Böhm conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. Urania URRS 7-10, $3.50.	One of a series of popular classics issued by Urania at a budget price in which Mme. Ney belies her sex with an interpretation of splendid bravura forcefulness. She does not strike glowing interpretative sparks, nor does Böhm, but the performance is thoroughly creditable. The reproduction, however, falls below current standards; piano tone is glassy, the over-all sound flat and hard.
Charpentier: Te Deum. Louis Martini conducting Orchestra of the Concerts Pasdeloup, chorus, and soloists. Haydn Society HSL 2065, $5.95.	The Charpentier, be it noted, is Marc-Antoine of that ilk, a seventeenth-century composer who—by the evidence of this disc—is a much more formidably endowed musician than the reference books lead one to believe. This Te Deum stands up as a ringing asseveration of faith in full Baroque style, exultant with Handelian flourishes and Bachian amplitude—but as Bach and Handel were only nineteen when Charpentier died at the age of seventy the adjectives, though descriptive, are historically misleading. An energetic, resounding performance by M. Martini and his massed forces, and superb recording by Erato, a French firm, which is suggestive of the resonance of a big church (L'Eglise Saint-Roch) without being freighted with excessive reverberation. There are twenty-eight thick volumes of Charpentier manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and if they are all of this quality there need be no fear of an LP music famine for some time to come.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 2. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. HMV LHMV 1029, $5.95. The Same. Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting the Hamburg Radio Symphony. London LL 778, $5.95.	Kubelik's reputation as an adept practitioner of the flavorful Dvorak idiom is well sustained by his reading of the D minor Symphony: the bouncy articulation of the strings, the careful blending of woodwind and brass, the delicately shaded dynamics all bespeak a loving comprehension. Schmidt-Isserstedt bears down a bit too heavily on the music's Brahmsian attributes; the derivations are there beyond doubt, but they need not be so inflated. Compared purely as reproductions of orchestral sound, the London recording has a slight edge over the HMV, but not enough to deflect recommendation away from Kubelik.
Khachaturian: Violin Concerto. Leonid Kogan, violin, with the composer conducting USSR State Radio Orch. Concert Hall CHS 1300, $5.95.	If the LP cornucopia can provide competing versions of "Carmen" from Paris, Strauss waltzes from Vienna, and Puccini operas from Italy, why not competing versions of Khachaturian from the USSR? What a strict Marxian economist would make of this sort of duplication I don't know, but the fact is that you can get Oistrakh on one label and Kogan on another, both playing the same concerto. Concert Hall's version has the advantage of better reproduction and the cachet of the composer's participation. As for the young violinist (Kogan won the Queen Elizabeth Competition in Brussels two years ago), he is patently a phenomenal technician; whether he is also a phenomenal musician would be hard to say on the basis of this flashy concerto.
Lalo: "Symphonie Espagnole." Alfredo Campoli, violin, with Eduard Van Beinum conducting the London Philharmonic. London LL 763, $5.95.	Although there are no overt *gaffes* in Campoli's conception, neither are there the imaginative nuances and the rhythmic elan such as Jacques Thibaud, for one, has bestowed on this score. Van Beinum's direction is also contributory to a performance of workaday earnestness.
Mendelssohn: "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso," etc. Ania Dorfmann, piano. RCA Victor LM 1758, $5.72.	Ania Dorfmann has a particular affection for the "Rondo Capriccioso," as evidenced by her previous attention to this music for English Columbia, and her gossamer execution of its tripping fancies shows that the affection is well-placed. Like most heterogeneous LP recitals, this one has its ups and downs—the ups including a well-paced "Papillons," the downs an unyielding Ravel Sonatine. Fine piano sound throughout.
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 ("Italian"); Beethoven: Symphony No. 8. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML 4681, $5.45.	Beecham has contributed so many classics to the recorded literature that it is almost like crying wolf to herald another. But that risk must be taken in assigning this coupling to the company of Sir Thomas's finest phonographic achievements. Both works accord well with the conductor's celebrated penchant for genial musical expression, and they give him the opportunity to provide an object lesson in combining utmost relaxation with note-perfect execution and propelling rhythm. The third movement of the "Italian" is taken more slowly than I have ever heard it, but Beecham manages to carry it off with grace and conviction.
Mozart: "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." Felix Prohaska conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Vanguard VRS 435, $5.95.	No. 16 among LP issues of Mozart's Serenade, K.525, and one of the most satisfactory. Fastidious, accurate playing by the Viennese musicians, who could probably perform this in their sleep but sound very wide awake here. The engineers have captured a string tone neither overweighted in density nor afflicted with edgy rasp. On the reverse Franz Litschauer conducts the same group in Schubert's charming, inconsequential "German Dances."
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 1. Kiril Kondrashin conducting USSR State Orchestra. Vanguard VRS 6014, $5.95.	Kondrashin argues the logic of this opus less persuasively than Rodzinski in his older recording with the Cleveland Orchestra, but the Soviet conductor has the benefit of wide-range reproduction such as was not possible a decade ago. At that, the virtues of this recording lie mostly in the domain of extended frequency response. Highs and lows the Russians have provided in abundance, but not the ultimate in balance between sections of the orchestra nor in the quality of room tone.
Weber: Sonata No. 1 in C, Opus 24. Helmut Roloff, piano. Decca DL 7543, $3.85.	An engaging trifle by Weber, if no towering masterpiece, which is of historical interest for its early intimations of Chopin and Mendelssohn (the sonata dates from 1812). Roloff has the requisite dexterity for the breakneck rondo and is properly *simpatico* in the quiet adagio. The piano sound proffered by Deutsche Grammophon is not of the best. —ROLAND GELATT.

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[illegible] with Ansermet

RAVEL: *"L'Heure Espagnole." Suzanne Danco, soprano, Paul Derenne, tenor, etc., with Suisse Romande Orchestra conducted by Ernest Ansermet.* (London LL 796, $5.95.)

WHAT does one require in a performance of "L'Heure Espagnole"? Accuracy, I should say, above all else; unflagging, relentless accuracy. It should emanate from the tic-toc of the first measures and carry through without abatement to the closing quintet. Let there be lapses—in tempo especially—and the whole thing topples like a house of cards. Now, there is no conductor better equipped to achieve this kind of precision than Ernest Ansermet. He is a past master at putting together the type of orchestral jigsaw puzzle that Ravel loved to concoct; give him some bells, a tam-tam, a harp, an exotic blending of woodwind and brass, and an underpinning of murmuring strings, and he will maintain all in perfect equipoise, causing us to marvel alike at the sheer mechanics of the construction and the brilliance of the execution. And as he has assembled for this recording a group of singers who are every bit as capable of carrying out his wishes as are the players in his own hand-picked orchestra, the results can easily be imagined. There is not a misplaced accent, not a false intonation, not a break in tempo.

But accuracy, though the prime requisite, is not everything. One also wants style, the savor of Spain, and a rapport with the ribald drollery of the libretto. In these respects the performers are variable. I can imagine nothing better matched to the piquant Iberian complexion of this comedy than Paul Derenne's flamboyant roulading in the role of Gonsalve. On the other hand, I cannot for a moment believe in Suzanne Danco as the temperamental hoyden of Franc-Nohain's libretto. Although she sings the notes allotted to Concepcion with becoming beauty, she is too ladylike to extract the pith of the character; in the section beginning "Oh! la pitoyable aventure!" she is quite unable to summon the petulant rage of a Spanish vixen bilked of her weekly apportionment of extra-marital bliss. However, what strikes me as cool and distanced may strike another as commendable understatement. In either case, the final judgment is not much affected. For this "L'Heure Espagnole" is strictly Ansermet's show: all else pales before the splendor of his luminous conducting; and London allows us to enjoy it fully thanks to equally luminous reproduction. —R. G.

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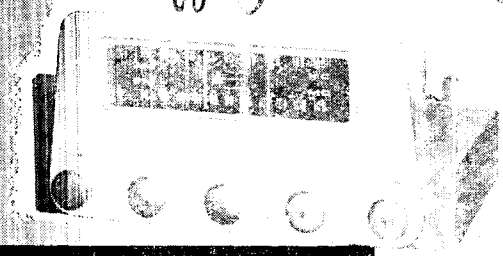

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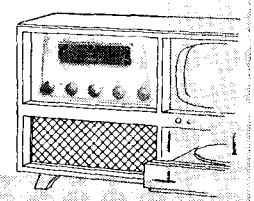

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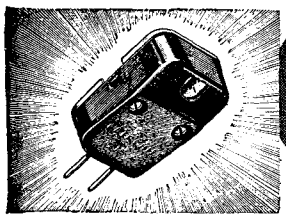

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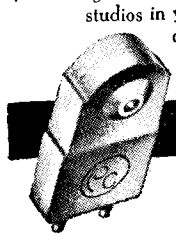

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

UNTIL the opening of the Edinburgh Festival late in the month August is, musically speaking, the bleakest time of the year in these islands—unless one wishes to queue and stew in the Royal Albert Hall each weekday in order to partake in the time-honored rites of the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts (fifty-ninth season). At Glyndebourne the longest and most varied season since the war came to an end on July 30 with a performance of "Die Entführung" specially staged for television. Having first seen the production "in the flesh" I was curious to discover just how much would be lost on the TV screen. Certain modifications were, of course, inevitable: cuts were made to reduce the playing time to about two hours (including intervals), while a discreet and witty commentary was faded in during some of the spoken dialogue to help non-German-speaking viewers follow the plot in some detail. But apart from this, and the reduction to black and white of Rolf Gerard's attractive sets and costumes, its impact was very much as before; the performance captivated everyone who was able to view it.

Seeing Ebert's delightful production again in this fashion—and, I must add, once more finding great satisfaction in the crisp, sensitive, and intelligent musical direction of Alfred Wallenstein—makes one very dissatisfied at the thought of purely aural recordings. Take Fritz Ollendorf's Osmin as an example. Heard in a sound broadcast he seemed an agreeable but essentially undistinguished basso buffo, rather lacking in the vocal range demanded by the part; yet when seen in the theatre or on TV his performance was quite unforgettable—a deliciously ripe comic characterization which made any vocal limitations seem of trifling importance. This can, of course, cut both ways; it must be admitted that Helmut Krebs, a Belmonte of real musical distinction, did not look quite as romantic as he sounded. The Hungarian soprano Sari Barabas, on the other hand, not only sang Constanze's cruelly difficult music with fine tone and much skill, but her striking beauty made the persistence of the Pasha (played by Carl Ebert himself) all the more understandable to every Tom, Dick, and Harry among the widespread audience.

In the field of recorded music, as in the concert world, August is not regarded as a particularly bright prospect, and when I report that my month's consignment of review records from HMV, Columbia, and Parlophone amounted to the grand total of two ten-inch 78 rpm discs, it will be obvious that this group, at any rate, is at present mainly concerned with girding its loins for the great autumn fray.

Fortunately, Czech Supraphon has rescued reviewers from near-unemployment with a first batch of LP discs which are as interesting as they are handsome. Though distributed here by Monarch, these records come to us direct from Czechoslovakia, where they were recorded, pressed, provided with English labels and jacket notes, and packed in the most attractive containers we have yet seen. It certainly looks as though Supraphon is planning a large-scale infiltration into English-speaking countries, and though these records are rather variable from a technical point of view, the best of them are far better than any of us had expected.

The Czech Philharmonic is, of course, prominently featured, and its performances of Bohemian music under the direction of Vaclav Talich are still incomparable. Thus, on three ten-inch discs, we have the entire "Slavonic Dances" of Dvorak, plus the "Carnival" Overture and the Waltz, Opus 54, No. 1, played with such verve and style as can only be achieved by musicians who have had this music in their blood from the very cradle. Suk's youthful and romantic Serenade for Strings in E flat also emerges as though new-born from the hands of these artists, and here the recording, too, is of the highest quality, warm, alive, and mellow in the best sense of that much-abused term.

In some cases Supraphon's choice of material seems rather pointless. Few music-lovers will look to Prague for the most authentic performances of such works as Ravel's "Boléro" (even though Désormière is in charge), "Till Eulenspiegel," "Les Preludes," or "El Amor Brujo." But

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even if we ignore these, the list contains much to interest the more adventurous collector. Thus Janáček, whose music is still all but unknown in this country—many persist in regarding him as an abstruse modernist, though he was born before such models of respectability as Elgar, Puccini, Debussy, Sibelius, Richard Strauss, and Delius!—is represented by one of his last works, the strange yet utterly compelling "Slavonic Mass" (1926) as well as by the haunting Piano Sonata (ca. 1910).

My Supraphon survey ends where it began, with Dvorak, for the list is completed by his Serenade in E, Opus 22, and the "Stabat Mater," Opus 58, both conducted by Talich. In the latter, one of Dvorak's most important choral compositions (which has not, to my knowledge, been recorded before), the Czech Philharmonic is joined by a splendid chorus and an impressive quartet of soloists. This set comprises three ten-inch discs, a format much favored by this company if we can regard the first list (which contains only two twelve-inch discs) as typical.

DECCA'S August issues, most of which should reach the American market by the end of the month, include a thoughtful but rather cautious performance of Schumann's Piano Concerto by Messrs. Kempff and Krips, assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra. Considering the deeply German character of Schumann's music, it is odd that among the many prominent German pianists of the past two or three decades scarcely one has been prominently associated with this beautiful concerto. In this country we have known recordings by French, Chilean, Rumanian, and English pianists (the last-named invariably female), but until this month not a single German.

Argo, having at last discovered how to make LP's of acceptable quality, has recently issued two fine discs, both of them featuring the pianist Mewton-Wood. Partnered by violinist Max Rostal, he can be heard in Busoni's beautiful Sonata No. 2, Opus 36a, while in two important works for tenor and piano by Michael Tippett—the cantata "Boyhood's End" and the song-cycle "The Heart's Assurance"—he teams up with Peter Pears.

Lastly, before the autumn floodgates are opened next month, a word or two about Vox, whose releases over the past year, if not unduly numerous, have maintained a very high standard. Performances by artists of the caliber of Klemperer and Novaes are always welcome, and it has been exciting for us to "discover" great works such as Beethoven's Mass in C, Opus 86, and Schubert's Mass in E flat (written during the last summer of his life). Now Vox is about to issue a new recording of Bach's Mass in B minor, thus replacing at long last the HMV set (conducted by Albert Coates, with Schumann and Schorr among the soloists) which has reigned here unchallenged for a quarter of a century. The new version, yet to be announced in the United States, was taped in Stuttgart, that prolific source of LP recordings, and processed in France. The performance, conducted by Hans Grischkat, is thoughtful, stylish, and well-balanced, careful rather than inspiring. Nevertheless, it is very welcome until something better comes along and the recording is, on the whole, very pleasing. Scherchen's version, which I heard briefly a year or two ago, struck me as livelier on the whole, but some of the tempi seemed unduly eccentric; no doubt it will be among the sixty-odd Westminster recordings which Nixa has undertaken to issue between now and Christmas.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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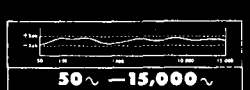

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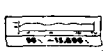
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I Like Ike

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> And I suddenly turn and see
> Your fabulous face,

but nowadays every advertising and fashion writer in the land is breathing out the adjective every few minutes, and I own to being heartily sickened. Here, for instance, is a splendid LP called "The Fabulous Trombone of Ike Rodgers: King of the Gutbucket Blues" (Riverside RLP 1013). Now I submit that the terms "fabulous" and "gutbucket" scarcely belong in the same vocabulary. One might as well refer to a saintly rump steak. And the verbal infelicity here extends to the back of the jacket. Orrin Keepnews, the commentator, is a highly knowledgeable man on the subject of jazz music, and normally a very articulate one. But this Ike Rodgers, an obscure colored trombonist from the Chicago of the Twenties, has got Mr. Keepnews down. Wrestling hard with his problem, Mr. K. says: ". . . the rough and forceful trombone of Ike Rodgers surely is, all by itself, a far better definition of the term [gutbucket] than any words could manage to give . . . A part of the mystery is the question of just why there is such fascination in Ike's music. He has an amazingly limited range (one jazz critic has claimed, half-seriously, that Rodgers could play only two notes, 'but both of them are perfect') . . . one clue to the enigma may lie in the sense of perfect fitness . . . Ike's 'two notes' grab you and hold you . . . make you understand instinctively what he is trying to say."

Well, I will try to help Mr. Keepnews along. Ike Rodgers is a wonderfully succinct trombonist, for a fact. He knows the values of silence, and indulges in plenty of it. And when he speaks his few phrases he speaks eloquently, for his playing is continuously and subtly *inflected*. Rather than say that he has "two notes" it would be more accurate to say that he has no legitimate notes at all. His playing is a remarkable example of what I have elsewhere called the "vocalization" of an instrument, a basic characteristic of traditional Afro-American jazz. Ike is continually talking to you—warm, persuasive, various, sometimes very funny talk. In these records, salvaged from the old Paramount list, he has some excellent associates including blues singers Edith Johnson, Alice Moore, and May Johnson, and pianists Roosevelt Sykes and Henry Brown.

Turk Murphy, the California trombonist who leads one of the finest small New Orleans-style bands in the country, now appears on the Columbia label with an LP called "Barrelhouse Jazz" (Columbia CL 6257). Murphy's boys learn their syncopated classics from the scores and then spread themselves around; the result is an infectious combination of arrangement and improvisation. The program includes "Five Aces," "Mississippi Rag," "Panama," "Creole Belle," "Daddy Doo," "King Chanticleer," "The Pearls," and "Clarinet Foo Yong" (the last-named is a clarinet adaptation of Louis Armstrong's famous "Cornet Chop Suey," with Bob Helm featured on the reed). The pianist of the band, Wally Rose, is a notable ragtime scholar and has just issued another LP collection of "Ragtime Piano Masterpieces." [illegible] Rag," "Scott Joplin's New Rag," "Rooster Rag," "Silent Movie Rag," "Triangle Jazz Blues," "Nonsense Rag," "Hot Chocolate," and "Castle House Rag" (Columbia CL 6260). I cannot claim to be a ragtime purist, being given to hybrid delights, but it is encouraging to see the literature maintained.

One of my hybrid enthusiasms has long been the pianist Art Hodes, and another LP offers a fine gathering of some of his past work: "Art Hodes' Chicago Rhythm Kings" (Riverside RLP 1012). Here is a vigorous small band with Marty Marsala, trumpet; the late Rod Cless, clarinet; Jack Goss, guitar; and Earl Murphy, bass. They play "There'll Be Some Changes Made," "Song of the Wanderer," "Sugar," and "Randolph Street Rag." And then the trio of Hodes, Cless, and Jimmy Butts, string bass, perform "Tin Roof Blues," "Diga Diga Doo," "Four or Five Times," and "I've Found a New Baby." When I call this music hybrid I don't mean that it is stylistically uneven; it is the ardent, consistent, wholly successful blend of tendencies Louisianian and Chicagoan.

OUT Los Angeles way, Bob Scobey has treated "Hindustan" to some Brazilian rhythms. He calls the result "A Dixie Mambo" (Good Time Jazz 82). I am totally incapable of resisting the old Wallace & Weeks tune, and this exceedingly agitating version of it, with Fred Higuera on the drums, becomes for me one of the records of the year. Let alone the brilliant Scobey band, there is Clancy Hayes singing two choruses in praise of that purpling land "where I met her and the world began."

The ultra-modern Stan Getz Quintet have given me considerable pleasure with agile renditions of "Erudition" and "Have You Met Miss Jones" (Mercury 89059). The unusual combination consists of the leader's tenor saxophone; Bill Crow, bass; John Williams, piano; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; and Alan Levitt, drums. These are very fluent, subtle, inventive musicians.

The recent practice of recording the early pianola contributions of the masters continues with the LP "James P. Johnson: Early Harlem Piano" (Riverside RLP 1011). And I must say that, despite the somewhat mechanical net effect, it is good to have any warm reflection of the great James P. He plays several of his own compositions—"Charleston," "Harlem Strut," "Harlem Choc'late Babies on Parade," "It Takes Love to Cure the Heart's Disease"—and there is the characteristic lilt and lyricism.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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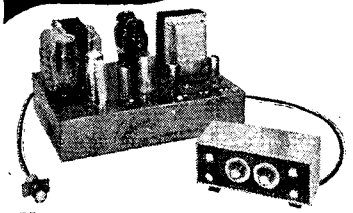

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The Elizabethan Muse

IF Francis Tregian had not been confined to the Tower of London as a recusant (Roman Catholic subversive) during the reign of Elizabeth I, much of the contents of the great anthology of keyboard music he compiled in his unhappy leisure might have been permanently lost. Happily, Tregian was not denied musical instruments and was allowed to receive and copy the works of contemporary composers, including exiled fellow recusants. The collection, called the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book after its eighteenth-century owner, had become a collector's item even in its modern edition until it was reissued recently as a reprint.

Amateurs of early keyboard music and those who enjoy the older music in recordings will welcome two excellent new issues of Elizabethan keyboard pieces. The first, entitled "Early English Keyboard Music" (London LL 712-3, $11.90), was recorded under the auspices of the British Council and features the playing of Thurston Dart, harpsichord, Elizabeth Goble, harpsichord and virginals, Robert Donington, viola da gamba, and Geraint Jones, organ. The other issue is part of the accumulating Pro Musica series and has only one performer, Charles Koenig, harpsichord (EMS LP 236, $5.95.) The selections played by Mr. Koenig are all from the Fitzwilliam Book, as is most of the other collection, though the source of only two of the seventeen pieces has been indicated.

Mr. Donington, in his notes for the London recording, writes of the playing style: "This is no academic matter: it vitally affects the music." The basic concerns are rhythm and embellishment, the latter consisting of ornaments notated by the composer (two signs subject to variable interpretation) and elaborations added by the player according to taste. Tempo functions as an adjunct of rhythm. One cannot, as with Bach, evade the issue by reading off what shows on the page. The player re-creates and informs the music with character and significance by his imaginative use of the conventions. This music was intended originally for virginals, which have no stops or registration. For some pieces harpsichord or organ is preferable; but when the harpsichord is used, as in many of these recordings, changes of registration should be unobtrusive.

In this vital matter of style London's four performers by no means agree. Thurston Dart's harpsichord playing is least satisfactory, but he is allotted several of the most interesting compositions. To his harpsichord style he carries over a pianistic percussiveness, beefed up by the anachronistic sixteen-foot tone used by modern performers for concertizing in large halls. Elizabeth Goble, on instruments built by her husband, Robert Goble, prefers a more intimate, free manner and the lighter, colorful voicing suitable to the domestic harpsichord. Charles Koenig, in the EMS issue, subordinates well-chosen registrations to a more varied texture. Geraint Jones is less successful with the pieces for organ. His registrations do not sound.

Rhythmically, Thurston Dart and Charles Koenig adhere to a fairly rigid long-short, two-note grouping, losing the expansion and variety obtainable by shifting from long-short to short-long or the reverse in scale passages. Mr. Dart fires off batteries of pianistic chords, instead of breaking or arpeggiating them in the manner natural to lute and harpsichord. He usually takes the note after a dotted note and the afterbeat of an ornament in metronomic tempo, against the convention. Mr. Koenig arpeggiates with distinction—an embellishment still generally underplayed—and his closing cadential signatures are brilliantly conceived. None of the players makes use of the interpolated acciaccatura or mordent for color or accentuation.

Apart from these details, the performances are more than adequate. Connoisseurs will admire the discriminating choice of works by Byrd, Bull, Philips, Tomkins, Giles and Richard Farnaby, Morley, Pearson, Johnson, and Gibbons. The two issues rightfully belong together. Newcomers to the literature will find the Koenig selections lighter and more accessible. Experienced listeners will prefer the larger collection for its more substantial repertoire.

—PETER YATES.

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The Importance of Being Stylish

"IN matters of grave importance," says Gwendolen Fairfax, "style, not sincerity, is the vital thing." Thus, through one of his characters, Wilde laid down the basic precept not only for "The Importance of Being Earnest" but for all artificial high comedy. Meaning is much less important than manner because the characters' lives have no meaning: they have only elegance.

The principle of playing high comedy is a paradox: to seem fundamentally bored but to be continuously interesting. For the essence of these characters is that they have nothing to do; they are occupied only with varyingly desperate searches for means to pass the time. No problem is too slight—the choice of a restaurant or the best way to eat muffins—but they seize it for debate, hoarding it because it may be hours or even days before anything else arises to provide an occasion for talk. What keeps these people from boring *us* is their eloquence. What makes them amusing is the contrast they provide with our own lives of alarm-clock risings and monthly payments on the car. Therefore if they lose one jot of the style which is their *raison d'être*, they become like melted ice cream: not quite the same thing, though the ingredients may not have changed.

All this is demonstrated by a new album in the Theatre Masterworks Series (Vol. III, $11.90), a production of "The Importance of Being Earnest" directed by Margaret Webster. Maurice Evans plays John Worthing with verve and comic perception, which will be no surprise to those who have followed his career since his Dauphin in "Saint Joan" and have known all along that his forte is comedy. Stella Andrew is charming and conjures up a porcelain-figurine Cecily. But the others of the cast—good and less-good actors together—are simply lost. Lucile Watson as Lady Bracknell gives the impression throughout of hurling herself against stylistic doors that refuse to open. (Whoever has heard Edith Evans say "Mr. Worthing! Rise, sir, from this semi-recumbent posture!" will not readily settle for less, and Miss Watson offers a good deal less.) Mildred Natwick, so often justly admired, is merely saddening as Miss Prism. Memories of her Madame Arcati led one to expect more, but here she flounders as if she had (temporarily, one hopes) lost the compass points of comedy. The kindest word to apply to John Merivale as Algy and Leueen McGrath as Gwendolen is inept.

The fault, of course, is Miss Webster's, in casting and direction. She continues to be something of a contradiction. She writes perceptively about plays, but her practice as director lacks her perception as theoretician. Style and design aside, consider the primary matter of speech in this recording. Why juxtapose the pretty English accent of Miss Andrew and the hard Yankee r's of Miss Natwick? How believe that Miss Watson is a British aristocrat in a cast containing Mr. Evans, Robin Craven, and John Williams? Better do the play with an all-American cast, one would think, even though there seems little point in producing this British *reductio ad absurdum* in anything but the British manner. Certainly, there is no point in playing it without figurative arched backs. This production is lamentably round-shouldered.

MISS WEBSTER is responsible, too, for another Theatre Masterworks album (Vol. II, $11.90) called "An Evening with Will Shakespeare," consisting of thirteen Shakespearean excerpts performed by well-known players. This recording is presented in the cause of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and profits from the sale of the album will go to help found such a theatre in Connecticut. In an accompanying letter by Lawrence Langner, the usual good reasons are adduced in favor of such a theatre, which may be summed up by saying that a place is needed where actors can learn to play Shakespeare. But theatre people tend to forget that audiences are not interested in going to plays in order to help actors learn their business. What is to attract audiences to this theatre? Faye Emerson's Portia or Leueen McGrath's Viola? Either as acting performances or philanthropic pleas the scenes these ladies present are uncompelling. The best performance in this collection, as could have been foreseen, is Claude Rains's Richard II, but even he, by the standards he has himself set, is disappointing. The part is not deeply explored; Mr. Rains spins it off with facility.

Maurice Evans—"his forte is comedy."

It can seriously be doubted that, in terms of audience satisfaction rather than cultural duty, there is any point in reviving Shakespeare except as a vehicle for virtuoso performances by actors or directors. Otherwise what we get at best is exemplified by Miss Le Gallienne's performance of Lady Macbeth in this album. Here are technical competence, taste, lucidity: no commonplaces these days. What is lacking is any vitalizing illumination. As a result, we are more pleased that she has not made any boners than we are moved by an artistic experience.

Another new Shakespearean record (M-G-M E3033, $4.85) is that derived from the sound-track of "Julius Caesar," surely one of the most intelligent Shakespearean movies ever made. Messrs. Mankiewicz and Houseman were little interested in doing things *to* the play; they wanted to do the play and they put the emphasis where it belongs: on the actors. One of their three leading players, John Gielgud, gives a finely honed performance as Cassius, but James Mason fails and Marlon Brando falters. Mr. Mason is earnest enough but he lacks any of the majesty of Brutus. In him there is no tragic fall; he is simply a conscientious worry-wart who makes several bad decisions and is doomed by them. Mr. Brando is, as always, arresting; passages of his Antony are beautifully done, like his entrance into the Senate after Caesar's murder. But in the key speech he relies too much on sheer force, lacks subtlety in his play on the word "honorable," and ends with a Barrymore-like scream. At the other extreme from Miss Le Gallienne, he needs to acquire some of her artistic sensibility lest he come to rely solely on visceral excitement and turn into the Mickey Spillane of acting.

—STANLEY KAUFFMANN.

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Diffused vs. Direct Sound

BLISSFULLY digesting a "delicious slice of sturgeon" one Saturday night in Vienna nearly 162 years ago, Mozart started a letter to his "Dearest, Most Beloved Little Wife," who was taking the cure at Baden. After telling her about the performance of "Die Zauberflöte" he had just attended, he suddenly broke off to announce excitedly, "By the way, you have no idea how charming the music sounds when you hear it from a box close to the orchestra—it sounds much better than from the gallery. As soon as you return—you must try this for yourself."

This was the next-to-the-last Mozart letter that has been preserved; as far as I know, neither he nor Constanze ever reported on the proposed experiment. But it's a safe bet that, like the great majority of later listeners, she would have preferred sitting well back from the orchestra. And it's not much riskier to predict that if the Mozarts were around to enjoy music from records today, they would argue strenuously about what type of loudspeaker system they should buy, where it should be placed in their living room, and where they'd customarily sit to listen to it. I'd like to think that Wolfgang's predilection for "close-up" sound would ensure his voting for a wide-range corner horn and an easy chair, nearby, in its beam of direct radiation. But undoubtedly Constanze would crave, like so many others nowadays, the "diffused" sound-source effect obtained by listening to a speaker located in another room or oriented so that the high frequencies reached her ears only by "reflection."

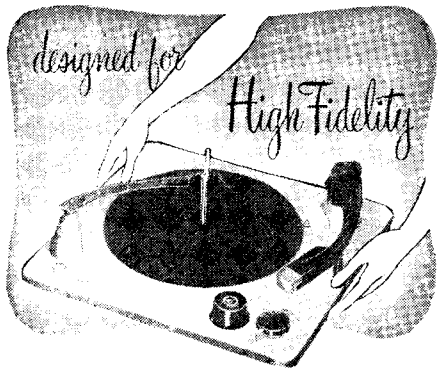
In any case, I have come at least to realize—after years of practising and preaching the delights of "front-row" listening to both live and reproduced music, and despite the formidable backing of Mozart and a fanatical band of contemporary audiophiles—that I'm enlisted in a minority, if not in a lost, cause. The great "high-fidelity" movement we helped to promote, but have been unable to control, is now winning a mass public only by reshaping its attractions so as to appeal to Constanzes rather than to Wolfgangs. Most listeners, while granting the sensational impressiveness of "close-up" sound, with its expanded frequency and loudness ranges, obviously demand something quite different for everyday satisfaction. An *SR* correspondent, inquiring about current record-players, unquestionably speaks for the great majority when she emphasizes that she is "more concerned with all-around faithfulness of reproduction and absence of hum and surface noise than with reproduction of extreme highs."

Present commercial trends testify to the extent and power of this concern. Visiting several leading "sound salons" recently, I found almost unanimous agreement that the distinctive phenomenon of the year is the tremendous interest in, and sales of, "second" speakers for present equipments, and new systems that embody multiple speakers. There is considerable curiosity about so-called "binaural" sound reproduction, but in general the advantages of two independent sound channels seem to exert less appeal than the enhanced "naturalness" and "diffused-sound" effect of two or more separately located speaker sources.

This trend already is strong enough to affect the design of production-line as well as "assembled" phonographs. The recent "Magnasonic" follows the example of the Columbia Model 360. More recently still, Columbia has announced an additional "XD" speaker unit, equipped with a thirty-foot extension cord, which can be plugged into the main "360" chassis, and by means of its separate room location (and some frequency-spectrum division) provides a "3-D" effect of sound dispersion that perhaps comes as close to "binaurality" as is possible with single channel recordings and reproducers.

SUCH signs of the audio times and preferences are hardly what pioneer hi-fi fans anticipated, but at least we have the consolation that the desire for "better" reproduced sound is being stimulated and satisfied on a larger scale, if by different means, than we had ever dared to hope. Perhaps most of us can come in time (like Isak Dinesen's Count Augustus) to "accept the happiness of life in a different way, not as we really believe it to be, as in a reflection within a mirror, such as others see it." But surely there will be an obstinate few who, while readily conceding that in the heaven of musical enjoyment there should be many mansions, will pray that one of these may be reserved for them to gather around Mozart and gratify with him their specialized tastes—for sturgeon, and for "close-up," wide-range, undiffused sound.

—R. D. DARRELL.



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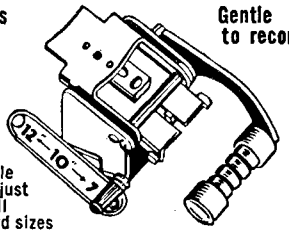

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August Pleasures

THE musical controversies rage on, but no one can deny the impact of bop on our American language. Webster's has incorporated, yea institutionalized, the boppers' "crazy," which indicates that the Webster people are "hip." ("Hep" went out with yesterday's hot lick.) "Crazy," of course, implies the ultimate, of which in the boppers' world there is quite a bit. But the boppers' language is more than a handful of such words. It consists also of a flock of idioms that are at once succinct, direct, encompassing, and delightful. But this domain belongs to the Menckens and I invaded it only to call attention to a very funny record called GRIMM FAIRY TALES FOR HIP KIDS (Brunswick 80026). These have been written in the authentic jargon by the versatile comic Steve Allen, and they are narrated by Al "Jazzbo" Collins, New York's disc jockey to the modern jazz cult. "The Three Little Pigs" and "Little Red Riding Hood" will never be the same again.

Distinctiveness is a fairly rare quality among composers of contemporary pop songs, and it's even rarer that one finds a pop singer who can project the essence of such distinctiveness. Boyish Eddie Fisher, most popular of the current vocalists, has, I believe, a singular affinity for the simple, buoyant melodies and universal sentiment of Irving Berlin. His new collection, EDDIE FISHER SINGS IRVING BERLIN FAVORITES (RCA LPM 3122), is unusually good. Three of the tunes are new to me—"With You," "How About Me?," and "When I Leave the World Behind." But Eddie also essays "Cheek to Cheek," "How Deep Is the Ocean," and "They Say It's Wonderful"—and "they" are not wrong.

Kurt Weill's sophisticated songs hardly have attained the mass acceptance of Berlin's, and Greta Keller is not, never was, and probably never will be Patti Page. But Miss Keller and the late Mr. Weill, with their similar national and international backgrounds, are cast perfectly together. The singer, always quite popular in England and the Continent, once made the mistake of trying to sell herself to America as another Dietrich. Actually she is a musical, intelligent singer with a real feeling for Weill's faded, but not jaded, romanticism. GRETA KELLER SINGS KURT WEILL (Atlantic ALS 405) contains, among others, excerpts from "One Touch of Venus" and "Lady in the Dark," and also a medley of four selections from "Die Dreigroschenoper," the composer's German-language version of "The Beggar's Opera," often adjudged his masterpiece.

Martha Lou Harp owns a rich, throaty voice and the ability to create and sustain a heavily nostalgic mood. Her new Columbia LP, DREAM TIME (CL 6258) is unusually pleasant and relaxing and, unlike most packages with similar name and format, avoids becoming cloying or corny. Her accompaniment is simply an organ and a harp, and the tunes include "Autumn Leaves," "When You're a Long Long Way from Home," "If I Forget You," etc.

Some time ago I wrote in these columns about an unusual jazz recording by the late guitarist Charley Christian (Esoteric ESJ-1), recorded at a Harlem after-hours club in 1941. The recording, made on non-professional equipment by the jazz enthusiast Jerry Newman, has become recognized by collectors as one of the real milestones in jazz discology. Its success has prompted Newman to delve further into his files and he has managed to come up with another interesting long-player from sides recorded around the same time. This one is DIZZY GILLESPIE-CHARLEY CHRISTIAN 1941 (ESJ-4), and each of these modern pioneers is featured on one side of the disc. Quality-wise, there is much to be desired, since Newman's acetates, recorded under unfavorable conditions at best, were well worn before he undertook what has amounted to a monumental editing job. But students of modern jazz should not be without the disc. Gillespie, thoroughly steeped in the Roy Eldridge style, was just beginning to experiment with modern harmonic variations. He played a considerably cleaner trumpet in those days. In fact, on "Kerouac," with its harmonies similar to "Exactly Like You," he plays through eight choruses without one of the fluffs or blurps so common in his current work. What he plays here should satisfy both modernists and traditionalists. There are other excellent solos by Christian, tenorman Don Byas, and an unidentified trumpet and tenor on the Christian side. Newman himself cannot recall who blew where. —Bill Simon.

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CONNAIS-TU LE LP?

IN VIEW OF the plethora of recordings of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman" on the market, can we dare to hope for an issue of Thomas' "Mignon" in the near future?

EDWARD L. AFFLECK.

Vancouver, B.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We can indeed. London has a complete "Mignon," recorded in Paris, scheduled for release this autumn.*

THE UNKNOWN BERLIOZ

WHEN ARE WE GOING to get some recordings of the great, unknown works of Hector Berlioz? I have in mind particularly the "Te Deum," the first part of the "Trojans," and the operas "Benvenuto Cellini" and "Beatrice and Benedict." This year marks the 150th anniversary of the birth of Hector Berlioz (December 11, 1803), but so far I know of no recognition or celebration of this event, either through new recordings or music festivals.

L. M. SYMMES, JR.

Mill Valley, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A recording of Berlioz's indubitably great and relatively unknown "Romeo and Juliet" is reviewed elsewhere (see page 56). Doubtless the public response to this will determine whether further large-scale Berlioz enterprises are to be launched.*

ROSA'S OPERATIC FAREWELL

I WANT YOU TO KNOW how much I enjoyed Paul Hume's fascinating article [*SR* July 25] on my favorite soprano, Rosa Ponselle. I think her many admirers would be interested to know that her final opera performance was broadcast nationwide by NBC as part of the Saturday matinee series. This was on April 17, 1937, from Cleveland, Ohio, on the Met tour. At the time, of course, no one dreamed that this "Carmen" was to be her farewell, so anyone who recorded it has a historic memento.

CARL W. SIMPSON.

Cleveland, O.

PONSELLE AND MILANOV

IN THE EXCELLENT "Rosa Ponselle of Villa Pace," Paul Hume gets carried away at one point, namely when he says that "today the Metropolitan Opera has no dramatic soprano who begins to approach the vocal regality of tone or the sweeping style that Rosa Ponselle still displays."

Evidently Mr. Hume has not attended recent performances of "Aida," "Forza," or "Trovatore" at the Metropolitan—at any rate not those performances featuring Zinka Milanov.

JOHN B. FISHER.

Weston, Mass.

FOR MORE V-W

MAY I BE PERMITTED a hearty assent to your words in connection with the review of the Vaughan Williams "Pastoral" Symphony [*SR* July 25]?

After all, the entire body of LP recordings which represent that most able musician and his semi-contemporary, Delius, only equals the current supply of duplicate "Nutcrackers."

Further, what of his noble "Serenade to Music"? This work, in its vintage Columbia discing, has seen the light of these shores but once. Have we any reason to hope for the renascence of this particularly evocative Vaughn Williams score (if only by way of a Columbia-Entré dubbing of the original)?

AL COVAIA.

San Francisco, Calif.

DO YOU KNOW WHETHER Clifford Curzon has made any recordings? Am interested in Concerto No. 2 which I heard with the Philharmonic-Symphony on a recent broadcast. Brahms, of course.

HELEN K. BOWERMAN.

Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Curzon has done considerable recording, though he is yet to be represented by the Brahms No. 2. However, London reports that he has recorded this work and that it will probably be issued before December.*

CALL FOR CALVE

DURING RECENT MONTHS a number of recording companies have issued recordings made by singers during the early 1900's.

I believe a welcome addition to the catalogue would be an album containing recordings by Emma Calvé. Can you tell me if such an album is under consideration?

J. E. SPENCER, JR.

Clarksville, Texas

EDITOR'S NOTE: *I know of no such project, largely because the best-known Calvé specialties—the "Carmen" excerpts—have already been utilized for reissues, and there is not a great deal more to draw on. In addition, the quality is highly erratic, as Emma Calvé's singing itself was by 1907-08.*

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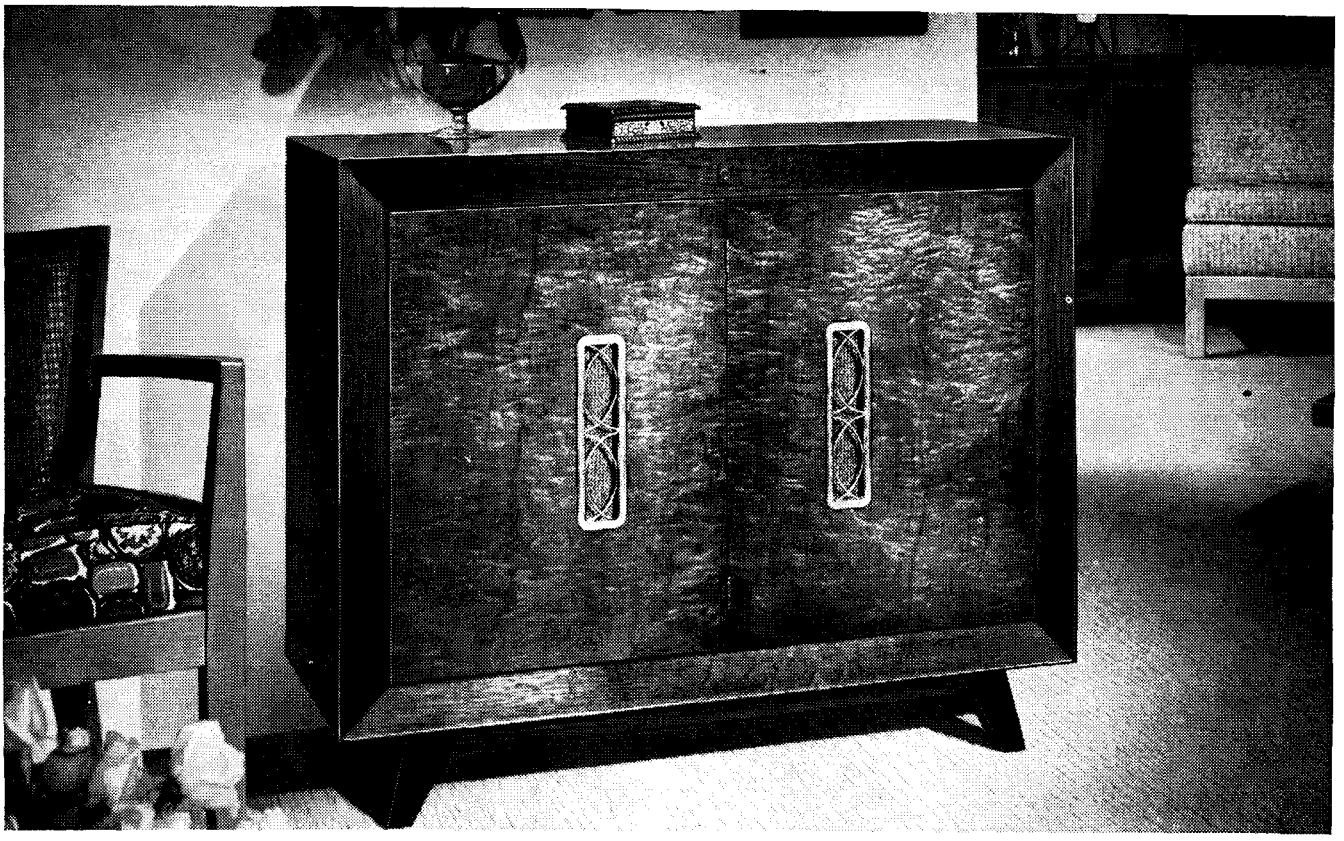

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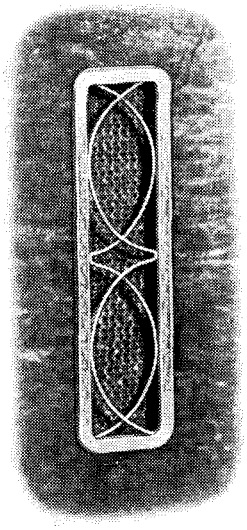

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*T.M.

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